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EDITORIAL

INDECENT DISCLOSURE

The Republican senators who defended Clarence Thomas against Anita Hill's charges of harassment are now getting even with the reporters who made Hill's charges public. As usual, Democratic leaders rushed to support the opposition's outrages. Barring a last-minute twinge of conscience or flash of decency, the Senate will enforce subpoenas against National Public Radio's Nina Totenberg and *Newsday*'s Timothy Phelps, who are ordered to bring their confidential tapes and notes with them to a hearing with a special investigator.

The Senate seems to be heading for a showdown. The two reporters say they have no intention of surrendering their press freedom to senators whose only interest is in identifying anti-Thomas members or aides who leaked Hill's story—which the Judiciary Committee had irresponsibly ignored in the first place. Totenberg and Phelps are charged with no crime. But if the two don't name names, they will face contempt-of-Congress charges and possible jail sentences. Subpoenas are also expected regarding the Keating Five probe.

In the McCarthy era, dozens of people were sent up for refusing to testify about their own political beliefs or those of their friends. Many more lost their jobs or suffered other indignities for daring to exercise First Amendment rights. In most cases, the Senate or House committees had all the information they wanted. The whole *point* of bringing witnesses to the inquisitors of the day was to force them into "contempt" and its consequences.

So now as then: The senators who almost lost Thomas want revenge—first against the press that made them look so bad, and second against the whistleblowers who leaked Judiciary's apparent dereliction. Alan Simpson no doubt wants to replay his verbal slugfest with Totenberg. It's time to resurrect Joseph Welch's famous cry to Joe McCarthy: "Senator, have you no sense of decency?"

'ASSAULT ON EQUALITY'
Elizabeth Martinez

S.L. Rennacker
James Weinstein
Jim Sleeper
Stephen Steinberg
Adolph Reed Jr.

HILLARY & BILL
Katha Pollitt

CUBA NOW
Saul Landau

RIGHT SCHOOLS
Jon Wiener

'CROSS THE GREAT DIVIDE
David Kaufman

THE POOR GET POLLUTION
Barry Commoner

DOMINICANS AND THE 'WALL OF SHAME'

MICHAEL J. ROSENFELD

Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic

The city of Santo Domingo has an awesome new monument that Dominican President Joaquín Balaguer hopes will attract tourists. A giant lighthouse will be inaugurated by the Pope himself on the 500th anniversary of Columbus's first sighting of land (October 12, 1492, somewhere near the Bahamas). In order to accommodate the tourists, some of Santo Domingo's eyesores have had to be hidden. Chief among those eyesores are the people, some of whom now find themselves living behind a large wall.

The Columbus Lighthouse is actually an enormous cross, flat on the ground, facing the sky. From the ground level it doesn't look like a cross, or like a lighthouse, or like anything, for that matter. Around the lighthouse is a lovely park where thousands will gather on October 12, and around the park is a brand-new stone wall with black crosses painted on it. Behind the wall is the shantytown called Maquiteria, where the real Santo Domingo lives hidden from view. The Balaguer government had planned to have all these residents evicted by now, but delays and shortages have prevented bulldozers from clearing the area on schedule [see Amy Wilentz, "Balaguer Builds a Lighthouse," May 21, 1990]. When the government realized that the shantytown was not going to be entirely paved over in time for the arrival of the tourists, it did the next best thing—it walled off the area. The residents of Maquiteria have come to know this wall as the "wall of shame and hypocrisy," or just "wall of shame" for short. As the Wall of Shame

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EXCHANGE.

INVISIBILIZED

San Francisco

Your special issue "The Assault on Equality: Race, Rights and the New Orthodoxy" [Dec. 9] is a prime example of the unfortunate tendency to reduce U.S. race-relations issues to black and white. People of color other than African-Americans were rendered almost invisible. In eight substantive articles, there are only two brief phrases referring to them. One would conclude that Native Americans, Latinos and Asian-American/Pacific Islanders have never had problems with segregated housing, discrimination on the job, racism in education and in the legal system, or Democratic Party betrayal. We also find the "afterthought treatment"—the use of such stock phrases as "blacks and other minorities."

Is all this invisibilization due to East Coast myopia? There is no excuse for it, journalistically, given the galloping growth of Asian and Latino populations on the East Coast. To speak only of Latinos: You don't need to look far beyond your own offices to see this growth—for example, in the Dominican population, not to mention longtime Puerto Rican residents. In Gainesville, Georgia, where there were no Latinos ten years ago, there are now 30,000. In North Carolina there are now almost 80,000 Latinos. Latinos will be the largest population group of color in the United States within a few decades. But this fact carried no weight in your special section.

Another possible explanation is the common attitude toward immigrants: They aren't quite people because they usually do not speak English and often work at "invisible" jobs like washing dishes, making beds or sweeping trash for subhuman pay. Immigrant rights are rarely viewed as civil rights, as they should be; the right to live and work free from I.N.S. or skinhead terror belongs on the civil rights agenda with other issues involving immigrants of color. Whatever the reasons, the failure to address race and rights except in black-white terms is unworthy of an otherwise useful special issue. *Elizabeth Martinez*

POKED IN THE EYE

Berkeley, Calif.

As a longtime Julian Bond fan, I found your special issue a particular disappointment. To be average does *not* mean that "one must be white." To be "average" in this country one must be something like 72 percent white, 11 percent black, 12 percent Hispanic, 4 percent Asian and 1 percent Native American, South Sea Islander and "other."

If one is seriously interested in discussing strategies for building a progressive movement with an egalitarian agenda, the way to start is not by screaming "racist" and poking me in the eye. Then to invoke David Duke without mentioning C. Vernon Mason, Leonard Jeffries, Al Sharpton et al. is unfortunate. Although there are quantitative differences, all of them feed on ignorance, intolerance and hate. The implication is that for Bond some racism is justifiable and some is not.

This leads to another curious omission. Bond refers to the "inability to perceive black Americans as legitimate, full members of the polity." What about equality? What about equity? And is it not possible to consider the matter of personal responsibility without being automatically accused of "blaming the victim"?

The rapidly developing economic apartheid in this country and throughout the world provides a much more important and fruitful focus than the quagmire of "racial stratification." Continuing to use contrived, ipso facto unconstitutional and logically unfair means to attack racial stratification works against the greater cause of equality, of equity. It is divisive in the short run and destructive in the long. To insist that a middle-class black be given special consideration because he or she is black and deny it to a poor white is demeaning to the former, unfair to the latter, destructive to the social system in which both live, and racist on its face. Our only hope lies in learning how to work effectively together. Blaming and name-calling is not much of a place to begin. *S.L. Rennacker*

'CONCOCTED'

Chicago

In their otherwise valuable review of Thomas Byrne Edsall and Mary D. Edsall's *Chain Reaction: The Impact of Race, Rights, and Taxes on American Politics*, Adolph Reed Jr. and Julian Bond include *In These Times* in a list of publications that supposedly have given up on affirmative action. This surrender, they claim, is "at best a failure of nerve." But as far as *In These Times* is concerned, the surrender is simply a fiction—one that Reed and Bond have concocted without bothering to cite anything from the magazine, much less from our editorial statements.

It is true, as Reed and Bond lament, that we have argued for what they call "universalistic programs," by which we mean programs that would unite diverse ethnic and social groups rather than further fragment them. In editorial after editorial, we have argued, explicitly or implicitly, for such an approach to politics. This has been based on our observation that people in the entire range of social movements have been forced to compete against one another because of administrative and Congressional tax laws and the current federal budget agreement. According to this agreement, the total amount of spending for social programs is fixed, and transfers from military spending or foreign aid are forbidden. Since increases in taxes have become politically taboo, it is virtually impossible for any group to receive more resources without reducing some other group's already inadequate funds.

This setup has not only made it almost impossible to expand or create new federal programs but has also had a devastating effect on state and local social programs. In city after city, education, housing, health care and public transportation are in crisis because of Reagan-Bush cutbacks in federal aid. These cutbacks have necessitated local tax increases and fights about the allocation of local resources that pit whites against blacks, and Hispanics against both—as well as pitting poor people against working-class homeowners.

If this situation does not cry out for "universalistic programs" and a common movement that cuts across racial, ethnic and income lines, I can't imagine what would. True, in itself, the call for a unifying politics says nothing about affirmative action. It seems an elementary rule of politics, however, that any all-inclusive program must be based on common interest and shared principles. And it seems obvious that such a movement must accommodate those whose particular goals are compatible with the movement's shared principles. These goals must include affirmative action. But only by reducing the fierce competition for jobs, educational opportunities and affordable housing can affirmative action become politically viable.

This approach makes it imperative for the left to identify real enemies and not to create unnecessary ones. Yet Reed and Bond seem unconcerned about making enemies where they don't exist. That's too bad.

James Weinstein, editor
In These Times

'GUTLESS SWIPES' & 'CHEAP SHOTS'

New York City

In the year or so since I and others took Haywood Burns to task for his review of my *The Closest of Strangers*, several *Nation* writers have taken graceless and rather gutless swipes at me in your pages—throwaway lines whose purpose isn't to argue or analyze but merely to leave a negative impression.

Your special issue on race casts more such stigma on me and several others, thereby forfeiting, yet again, a badly needed debate. Stephen Steinberg writes that I preach "hard work and moral discipline" to jobless blacks in New York City, "where 101,000 people recently took [an] exam for 2,000 expected openings"; Adolph Reed Jr. writes that I champion "the cause of whites who feel threatened by feminist demands."

Let's get real: Steinberg has been flailing madly at me ever since the publication of my book, which criticizes him. We've had exchanges at the Socialist Scholars Conference and in *New Politics*, but apparently he doesn't feel vindicated, and obviously he hasn't learned anything. My book opens with an account of racial job segmentation in New York and closes with stark images of blacks seek-

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EDITORIALS.

They Play, We Pay

The major candidates for the Democratic presidential nomination fight one another on various issues, as they should, but seem united in one common struggle: to defeat any chance for meaningful health care reform before the end of the century. This might have been the year for the Democrats to get together behind the most important development in American public policy since Social Security. But noooo. Terrified of Republican opponents, obedient to moneyed interests, they not only condemn the principle of real reform but also undermine the politics that might bring it about.

On the face of it, Senator Bob Kerrey is the exception to the sad and cynical scenario of defeat. Kerrey's campaign is built around his "Health USA" plan—indeed, the plan *is* his campaign. It would essentially install a single-payer, state-administered comprehensive system something like the excellent and successful Canadian model. But nothing else in Kerrey's campaign so far—not his economics or his politics—supports and enlarges on his one good idea.

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While Kerrey has been working out the details for three years (he says), he seems unable to defend his plan in debate. Paul Tsongas, shamelessly deploying old G.O.P. shibboleths about big, incompetent Uncle Sam, tore into Kerrey during the January 31 debate on PBS: "Anybody who believes that government can do things efficiently has never been in [Washington]," Tsongas sneered. Then Tom Harkin, reciting factoids from the insurance lobby's playbook, implied that Health USA would cost taxpayers a fortune and deny patients a choice of doctors and hospitals.

Kerrey mumbled and fumbled his response. Perhaps he was unnerved by confrontation or, more ominously, he might be unsure of his own politics. But he should have barked back at the overheated Harkin that total health costs in his plan would remain virtually the same as they are now, that choice of physician would be preserved and that private insurance run by 1,500 profiteering companies is infinitely more wasteful, dangerous and incompetent than a single-payer system. Like water, police and firefighting services, health service is best provided by a regulated monopoly.

The other candidates either ignore health care except as a throwaway line (Jerry Brown) or put up regressive and unworkable plans (Paul Tsongas and Bill Clinton) that make progressive reform impossible. Clinton is a partisan of "play or pay," the plan that, mercifully, was D.O.A. in Dukakis's Massachusetts and has the singular political disadvantage of making low- and middle-income taxpayers shell out gazillions for the poor and uninsured without getting anything at all in return. Of course, it is hugely popular with insurance companies.

Tsongas likes "managed competition," the favorite of the aggressive pro-business technocrats (it was devised by former Pentagon whiz kid Alain Enthoven, et al.), *The New York Times* and *The Wall Street Journal*, and the burgeoning corporate and labor health bureaucracies. It would eliminate choice of health providers for millions of people; their care would be "managed" by letting the company or the union choose hospitals, H.M.O.s and doctors for employees. It would also shunt the poor and other despised sectors of society into bottom-of-the-line service pools.

A comprehensive, single-payer, free-choice system such as has been proposed (with slight variants) by Kerrey, by Representative Marty Russo of Chicago and by Representative Bernie Sanders of Vermont is the only solution to the national health crisis. An ABC poll reported this month that Americans favor it well over play or pay and twice as much as the current system of private insurance. If Harkin, Clinton and Tsongas continue to run it down, if Brown gives it the back of his hand, and if Kerrey can't put good politics behind it, it is doomed. And in all probability, the lot of them with it.

Clinton's Affair?

Whole counties in Maine have been deforested so that readers may follow the intimate details of Arkansas Governor Bill Clinton's did-he-or-didn't-he relationship with Gennifer Flowers, who claims he carried on a twelve-year affair with her and gave her a state job for her trouble. As I write these words, the airwaves are busily conveying updates to puzzled residents of distant planets. Yet it is hard to find a single person—even, or especially, among the hundreds of columnists and commentators who have pontificated on it—who doesn't claim to find the subject boring, disgusting and trivial. It's always the other guy who cares: "middle Americans," "puritans," "feminists."

Come on. People who claim to find the Clinton-Flowers saga boring are like people who claim to find pornography boring. Bring on the 2,000-page papers on tax policy and elementary education, the official state history of Arkansas, the collected works of Racine! Right. So who were those 50 million—or was it 100 million?—viewers who tuned in to *60 Minutes* to watch Bill Clinton waffle (yes, the drift seemed to be, I've been unfaithful, but not with Gennifer Flowers, certainly not for twelve years) and Chicago-bred Hillary Clinton try out her Southern accent?

I confess. I find Bill Clinton's private life very interesting indeed. Not as compelling as his born-again devotion to the death penalty, which had him dashing back to Little Rock recently to oversee the lethal injection of a brain-damaged black man. Not as fascinating as his support for right-to-work laws, parental notification and denial of Medicaid abortions to poor women, or his fantastic attempt to portray Arkansas (Arkansas!) as a beehive of social and economic progress. But interesting all the same. Is it a grotesque invasion of privacy, a banal journalistic feeding frenzy, a new benchmark in the tabloidization of American politics? Sure. But since Ms. Flowers and *Star* have put the subject on the table, why not admit that it does, after all, set one to thinking?

About Bill Clinton. If he were real—if he had a program, a constituency, a personality instead of a persona—he wouldn't be in this pickle now. The "other guy" syndrome, which declares the Flowers story of interest only to someone else, is, after all, an exact parallel of his original appeal, which was that other people would vote for him. It's politics as *Family Feud*, the TV game show on which contestants try to guess the average American's favorite breakfast foods and vacation spots. As to his rights to privacy, if a candidate promotes himself as a rights-means-responsibility family man who may have strayed but now embraces "family values," why is it out of bounds to inquire if he really is what he claims to be? Clinton is not the only candidate to make political hay out of his private life, but if it turned out that Tsongas never had cancer and Kerrey really did have two legs, who would call it irrelevant, much less boring?

About Gennifer Flowers. All right, she's no feminist. But have you noticed a theme developing over the past year, of women who come forward with unsavory claims about prominent men and are promptly labeled bimbos, liars, nut cases out for fame and money and revenge? What fun the upscale press has had with Ms. Flowers: her dyed blond hair, her misspelled first name, her fibs about her age, her checkered résumé (a TV reporter *and* a nightclub backup singer). We do not seem to be able to hold in our minds simultaneously the twin possibilities that a woman can have what *The New York Times*, on another memorable occasion, referred to as a "little wild streak" and can also be telling the truth. On the contrary, should she be a model of rectitude and propriety, as sober as,

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er, a judge, a "little wild streak" is promptly invented for her—look at what happened to Anita Hill. Actually, I think most people suspect Ms. Flowers is telling the truth, sort of. What arouses people against her—as against Hill, the Palm Beach woman and the beauty contestant who has brought rape charges against Mike Tyson—is that she is getting in the way of a man's ambition and interfering with the national worship of power, success and celebrity. Who does she think she is?

About Hillary Clinton. Well, for the record, she misspells her first name too. And she shouldn't have made fun of Tammy Wynette—after all, what is Mrs. Clinton doing but standing by her man? But I feel sorry for her. Here she is, a brainy high-powered lawyer, placed in the embarrassing position of being joined with scary Marilyn Quayle by William Safire in a tribute to "the new natural womanism." Unlike the old-style wife, who walked two steps behind her husband because she had no self and no choice, the new "womanist" model submerges herself in her husband's ambition of her own free will. This is progress? I do not share *New York Times* columnist Anna Quindlen's belief that the wives of politicians tend to be more broad-minded and down to earth than their husbands, but even if they are, so what? Has Barbara Bush's reputed pro-choice stance shifted her husband's position by a single millimeter? If Hillary Clinton is "better qualified" and more humane than her husband, let her run for office herself—preferably under the maiden name she gave up to placate the family-value voters of Arkansas.

About politicians. I don't believe there is a direct correlation between a politician's devotion to marriage and his politics on women's issues. A husband who has an affair—even several affairs—is not necessarily a misogynist, any more than a woman who sleeps with a married man is necessarily a traitor to her gender. Life is, well, complicated. Call me cynical, but I'll bet almost no male politicians are monogamous, and almost none of their wives think they are. So maybe the real message in Flowersgate is that we should abandon the perennial astonishment with which we greet political sex scandals and ask ourselves how it has happened that we agree to be governed by shallow egomaniacs as long as they keep their vices out of the paper. If we're going to hold politicians to strict moral standards, why not demand that they read books and write their own speeches?

About the media. It's been fun watching the press chase its own tail (we're only writing about the story because everyone else is, or, we're only writing about the way it's being covered). But the media are largely to blame for their own embarrassment here. It was the upscale press that decided Clinton was the front-runner virtually the first day of the primary season, and that discounted persistent rumors of his extramarital escapades as unimportant. Now, it turns out, people think otherwise—especially women, 39 percent of whom say revelations about a candidate's marital fidelity would be one of the factors (not the only one, notice) they would consider in casting their vote. No wonder the male-dominated world of pundits is apoplectic. Like husbands caught with lipstick on their underpants, they keep insisting that nothing happened, or it was just a fling, and anyway it didn't mean anything, you know how we men are.

And all over the country women are saying, Yes, we *do* know, that's the problem. KATHA POLLITT

One Hand Clapping

On January 14, during the second round of direct talks between Palestinian and Israeli negotiators in Washington, Palestinians presented a draft outline setting up a Palestinian Interim Self-Government Authority (PISGA). Media accounts of the talks barely noted this unprecedented development in the long, bitter conflict between Palestinians and Israelis. This is one document that should not be allowed to waft down the memory hole of *The New York Times* and its confederates.

While the plan unambiguously sets a trajectory toward an independent Palestinian state, it also commits the Palestinians—and the P.L.O.—to the concept of an interim arrangement, implicit in their acceptance of the invitation to the Madrid talks. And it establishes a mechanism that would produce a political leadership in the occupied territories whose legitimacy is clearly based in an electoral expression of popular sovereignty.

The stated purpose of the two-page document is "to ensure the peaceful and orderly transfer of authority from Israel to PISGA, and to create the proper conditions for sustainable negotiations on the final status" of the occupied territories. This echoes the language of the U.S. letter of assurances given to the Palestinians prior to the Madrid talks.

The self-government authority would comprise an elected 180-member legislative assembly and an independent judiciary. The assembly would elect a chair, who would nominate a twenty-person executive council subject to confirmation by the assembly. These elections should be internationally supervised; electors should include "Palestinians from the West Bank including Jerusalem, and Gaza, as well as persons displaced since 1967 and deportees"; political detainees should be freed to participate; and all orders and regulations restricting assembly and movement should "be rescinded to enable these elec-

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★

How Presidents Are Remembered

At Valley Forge, our George would not give in.
Then Jefferson proclaimed the rights of man.
Abe Lincoln saved the Union for us all.
And Bush-san flashed his groceries in Japan.

Calvin Trillin

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BEAT THE DEVIL.

Chapters in the Recent History of Arkansas

By the mid-1980s, Arkansas was a crucial link in the *contra* war against Nicaragua being masterminded from Washington. One scheme for maintaining a cover-up for Oliver North's network was, it appears, played out in the Governor's mansion occupied by Bill Clinton.

Among the occupants of that same mansion was Buddy Young, a man then, as now, in charge of Clinton's security. According to court documents filed by Terry Reed, a former C.I.A. asset involved in North's *contra* supply effort, Young was a pivotal figure in a case designed to land Reed in prison not long after Reed had walked out of an arms-for-drugs operation in Guadalajara, Mexico, where he had been working with C.I.A. man Felix Rodriguez.

Arkansas's role in the *contra* war and in an arms-for-drugs supply network goes back to the early 1980s and the airport at Mena, discussed in this column two weeks ago. A federal investigation aided by the Arkansas State Police established that Barry Seal, a drug dealer working for the Medellín cartel as well as with the C.I.A. and the D.E.A., had his planes retrofitted at Mena for drug drops, trained pilots there and laundered his profits partly through financial institutions in Arkansas. Seal at this time was in close contact with North, who acknowledged the relationship in his memoir. These were the years in which North was constructing his covert supply lines for the *contras*.

Among those recruited by North was—so the man has subsequently asserted in court papers—Terry Reed, formerly with Air America in Thailand. Reed says he was working for North by 1983. North put Reed in touch with Seal and by 1984, Reed had established a base at Nella, ten miles north of Mena in the Ouachita National Forest. There Nicaraguan *contras* and other recruits from Latin America were trained in resupply missions, night landings, precision paradrops and similar maneuvers. Reed, familiar with the commercial affairs of Mena, asserts that large sums of drug money were being laundered through leading Arkansas bond brokers, a pattern of investment also being considered by a federal investigator just as his researches were abruptly terminated.

One of Reed's contacts in North's network was William Cooper, another Air America veteran then working for Southern Air Transport. Cooper was at the controls of the C-123, once owned by Seal, that was shot down by a Sandinista soldier on October 5, 1986, thus—since it was loaded with arms and documentation linking the crew to a chain stretching back to the office of Vice President George Bush—helping to fuel the Iran/*contra* scandal then bursting upon the world. That plane had been serviced at Mena. Cooper died in the crash. His crewman, Eugene Hasenfus, survived.

Back in 1985, Cooper had suggested to Reed that he go to Mexico and set up an operation expanding the supply network. Reed agreed, traveled to Veracruz for discussions with Felix Rodriguez and, in July of 1986, set up a front company, Machinery International, in Guadalajara.

Three months later Cooper was dead and Hasenfus being paraded by the Sandinistas before the Managua press corps. Reed says that Machinery International's business, "transshipping items" in "support of our foreign policies," was put on hold until January 1987, this at a time when the cover-up was pressing forward in Washington. Seven months later, Reed says, he became aware that drugs were part of the shuttle passing through Machinery International's premises in Guadalajara and that he himself presented a likely candidate as fall guy if things came unglued.

Reed says he confronted Rodriguez and told him he was quitting. By early September 1987 he had returned to the United States. A month later Buddy Young was activating—from Bill Clinton's mansion—a sequence of events designed to land the potentially troublesome Reed in prison.

The instrument at hand was a plane owned by Reed.

On March 24, 1983, Reed's plane had been stolen from a repair shop in Joplin, Missouri (Reed's home state). Prior to this, Reed says, Oliver North had asked him to contribute this same plane to Project Donation, a scheme by which individuals would allow their fully insured planes and boats to "disappear" for the sake of counterrevolution in Nicaragua. Reed claims he had refused. At all events, the plane was removed while Reed was out of town. Reed duly reported the theft to his insurance company and received compensation. He says that in 1985 North's people contacted him in Mena, told him that his plane was being returned after having been in Central America for two years and asked that he not report its return because they might need to "borrow" it again. Reed consented. He left the plane at his hangar in the North Little Rock Airport and left for Guadalajara soon thereafter.

On October 8, 1987, Tommy Baker, a former Arkansas State Police officer and longtime friend of Buddy Young, says he happened to be passing Reed's hangar when a powerful gust of wind blew the door open, revealing a plane. Baker says he thought the plane looked "suspicious" and so called his pal Young at the Governor's mansion. Young later claimed in testimony that he called the registration number on the plane into the National Crime Information Center to see if a plane with that number had been stolen, found no record of this and so instructed Baker to check if the plane's markings had been changed, a common practice of plane thieves (also a routine practice at Mena and in North's Project Donation). Baker established that they had been, and by October 21 the two had turned the case over to the F.B.I.

Under scrutiny that sequence, as set out by Baker and Young, did not stand up. On October 5, three days before that fortuitous gust blew open the hangar door, Young was phoning Reed's parents masquerading as an old friend of their son, according to legal papers filed by Reed. Young had called in the plane's correct registration number to the N.C.I.C.—so the center's records show—on October 7, before Baker had, by his account, even set eyes on the plane (and before Young had called in with the doctored number). That same evening Young had called Joplin to inquire about the plane's original disappearance. In June of 1988, Reed was indicted on mail fraud charges in connection with his 1983 insurance claim on the plane.

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Reed, in a suit filed July 5, 1991, has charged the two with preparing and presenting false evidence for the purpose of furthering a false prosecution. We do know a number of things already. Buddy Young made his calls from Bill Clinton's mansion. Young and Baker have admitted to entering Reed's hangar three times without a warrant. They have admitted to tampering with the plane. When they finally did obtain a warrant, it was on the basis of misrepresentations. They subsequently made false statements to a federal grand jury as well as, on more than one occasion, in hearings related to *United States v. Reed*. Finally, evidence that might have helped Reed's case was secreted in Young's office in Clinton's mansion when it was supposed to have been in federal court. A federal judge involved in the case, Frank Theis, declared that Baker and Young had acted with "reckless disregard for the truth." Reed was acquitted when the court determined that the government did not have enough legitimate evidence to convict him. Reed's lawyer, John Wesley Hall, told my colleague Bryce Hoffman that it is extremely unlikely that a police officer would ever be convicted of perjury in Arkansas.

In early 1988, while his security chief was embroiled in the case against Reed, also while Lawrence Walsh was accumulating evidence for his prosecutions in the Iran/*contra* affair, Bill Clinton gave a job to another *contra* veteran recently returned from Honduras—Larry Nichols. As I described here two weeks ago, Nichols was set up with a job as director of marketing in the Arkansas Development Finance Authority. Later in 1988, asked about this by a journalist, Clinton hastily fired Nichols. Seeking retribution, Nichols prepared a lawsuit, from whose allegations *Star* drew its story concerning Gennifer Flowers.

As these allegations caught fire in January, Nichols confided—so a member of the Arkansas Committee in Fayetteville tells us—that Buddy Young had phoned to tell him as an old friend that if he kept this up he was "a dead man." On January 25, the night before Bill Clinton was scheduled to go before the nation on *60 Minutes* to deny an affair with Flowers, Nichols put his name to a statement crafted to discredit all his previous assertions, concluding that "in trying to destroy Clinton" it had turned out that "there's not a whole lot of difference between me and what the reporters are doing today."

Final thought. If, in the old days, a gentleman had no secrets from his valet, a modern governor has no secrets from his personal security chief, particularly in the matter of making unofficial assignations.

Homage to Clintonia

Ever since the Clintons appeared on *60 Minutes*, the genteel press has been doing its best to shelter the Governor. It's been strictly kid-glove treatment, with much lip-curling at the "supermarket tabloids" and their low practices. Outside New York, where a competitive environment has sent the tabloids surging along in the wake of *Star*'s pioneering work, single-newspaper cities have been downgrading the Gennifer Flowers story to ho-hum status. There follows self-congratulation for a new maturity in shunning irrelevant backstairs gossip.

The genteel press isn't taking a hard look at, or following up on, Larry Nichols's allegations (or on their opportunely timed withdrawal). It wants Clinton to win the Democratic nomination. If he does, but then exhibits any tincture of unwholesome radicalism against George Bush in the fall, you can guarantee the genteel press will tear him apart, even if it means pawing through Flowers's most private memories. As Andrew Kopkind so well described here three weeks ago, the establishment has made its pick. From Sid Blumenthal in *The New Republic* (one of the most effusive pieces of flattery in the history of public relations) to the innumerable friendly news and feature stories in *The Washington Post* and *The New York Times* to the great pooh-bahs of perennial punditry (see Safire giving the news that Clinton is good for Israel), the word has gone forth: Clinton is sound, thoughtful, pragmatic, modern, white, male and safe. And for all the Democratic time-servers who have languished for twelve long years, he carried—at least till afflicted by *mal de Flowers*—the fragrance of possible victory. By the start of February, Charles Krauthammer was commending the genteel press for "finally confronting the fact of its power" by playing down the Flowers scandal.

Amid this chorus there was no mercy for a fallen woman. Flowers was mocked at her press conference and on Sunday, February 2, *The Washington Post* added its mite. A cover story in the Outlook section by Jeffrey Frank, headed "Bimbonic Plague: Are All Sex Scandals Alike?" was accompanied by a caricature of a woman with bouffant blond hair, low-cut dress and an armful of cash. The theme concerned women, "often blond," who ruin prominent men by disclosing matters best kept private. Frank expended hundreds of words in pursuit of "a unified bimbonics theorem" before acknowledging that it might be "shallow."

Notice how quickly traditional geometry has asserted itself. The Clintons—Bill and Hillary—are extolled as vibrant and caring, and somehow tremendously together. This version has prevailed despite the fact, parenthetically conceded by their admirers, that for a while they were separated and seemingly were reunited only as they approached the presidential campaign, thus raising the question, Is lust for power the thing that brought them back together? In contrast to the caring Clintons we are invited to ridicule Flowers, a good-time girl with "a butt" once as "big as two axe handles" (Amy Pagnozzi in the *New York Post*). You can make a more persuasive case for Flowers as the maltreated loser in Wonderboy's chase for power, shoved into the garbage can as he denies he had anything to do with her. What would it take for her to pass from Bimbo to Anna Karenina status, short of having a better hairdo, like Hillary—another fake blond—and strapping herself to the railroad tracks?

As usual, the story is about class, with its pivot as Bill—ashamed of never having whopped the stepfather who beat his mother—up from the depths as Rhodes scholar married to the nice, ambitious and smart WASP from Lake Forest, Illinois. Psychologically as well as politically, he's a man with two faces.

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WATCHING RIGHTS.

ARYEH NEIER

A decade ago, on June 8, 1982, President Ronald Reagan announced what he called a global campaign for democracy. In an address to the British Parliament, the President said this would be "a crusade" for "a world in which all people are at last free to determine their own destiny." The speech was a hit, and the crusade was under way.

In many respects, the Reagan crusade succeeded far better than he could have imagined. Although he told his audience at Westminster that "the Soviet Union is not immune" from the spread of democracy, neither the President nor his speechwriters—in that final year of Brezhnev's rule, with Andropov and Chernenko still waiting in the wings before Gorbachev's debut—could have envisioned the transformation that has taken place in ten years. Yet what the Reaganites may have understood better than some of the rest of us was that Communism was an exhausted system that stood little chance anywhere once democratic choice was permitted.

Communism is dead, but ethnic-linguistic nationalism and religious fundamentalism are very much alive, and their prospects when democratic choice is permitted are quite another matter. Witness the former Soviet republic of Georgia, where Zviad Gamsakhurdia won 87 percent of the vote last year, and Algeria, where the Islamic Salvation Front won 188 seats out of 231 in the first round of elections on December 26. Now Gamsakhurdia has been overthrown, and the Algerian Army has put a stop to the democratic process in its country. And what do the global campaigners for democracy have to say about it? Not much. *The New York Times* editorially condemned the army for its interruption of the electoral process in Algeria, as well as the Bush Administration for being "shamefully reluctant" to speak out on the matter. But all those folks who brought us the National Endowment for Democracy have fallen silent. Perhaps this is a moment, therefore, when it is possible to discuss some of the claims that were made for democratic elections and to consider whether such elections should always be held sacrosanct.

Reagan launched his "global campaign" in 1982 largely because of a parochial concern with developments in Central America. An election had just taken place in El Salvador, and Reagan was intent on capitalizing on the images that it had produced. "An unprecedented 1.4 million [Salvadorans]," he told the Parliament, "braved ambush and gunfire, trudging miles to vote for freedom. They stood for hours in the hot sun waiting for their turn to vote." The election, he claimed, refuted the arguments of all those denouncing the Salvadoran government for its human rights abuses, and the United States for backing that government.

Whatever the opportunistic reasons for launching the campaign, some of the Reaganites took it seriously. In a few cases this led to surprising shifts in Administration policy, as happened in 1985 when the United States backed away from General Pinochet in Chile and aligned itself strongly with those seeking to end his rule and restore democratic government. It also led to claims that electoral democracy alone guaranteed respect for human rights. As the State Department asserted in the introduction to one of the annual volumes it produces on human rights practices worldwide: "Respect for human rights is built into the very foundations of the democratic form of government. All this is not to say that serious human rights violations can never take place in a democracy. But because free, competitive and periodic elections make the government accountable for its actions to the electorate, such violations as do occur tend to be self-correcting over time." In other words, with elections under way in a country such as El Salvador, there was no need for much further international concern, owing to this self-correcting aspect of democracy.

Although human rights abuses have now declined sharply in El Salvador, this did not happen because of elections but because external pressure was maintained, and indeed intensified in 1989 in reaction to the murder of the Jesuits. Elsewhere, however, many electoral democracies that are not the focus of international campaigns are compiling horrendous human rights records. In India and Brazil, for example, torture and summary killings by the police are far more pervasive than in most dictatorships. Last year in the city of São Paulo alone the police killed more than a thousand people, the majority of them by extrajudicial execution. Far from correcting such abuses, democracy is partly to blame, since these killings tend to be popular with an electorate preoccupied with the high crime rate.

Democracy warrants defense for its own sake rather than as a means to other ends. The right of self-government is itself worth upholding. Looked at in that way it is one right among many, not a right that trumps all others, as the Reaganites would have had us believe. Yet to contend that the right of self-government is far from all-embracing is not to suggest that it is of no consequence. It deserves respect whenever and wherever it is exercised so long as other rights are not abused in the name of democracy. One person's right to take part in regulating society through the government of his choice stops at another person's right not to be tortured or arbitrarily deprived of his life. It is here that the question arises of whether democratic rights can ever be overridden. An obvious difficulty involves who is doing the overriding. In Georgia, it was the political opponents of Gamsakhurdia, who acted after some of their colleagues fell victim to his authoritarianism; in Algeria, it was the army, intent on maintaining its own power and perquisites.

Neither ground for seizing power confers legitimacy. In the case of Georgia, however, those now holding power may justify their ouster of Gamsakhurdia by pointing to his actual abuses. The world community should demand that they move quickly to test the new government's legitimacy by holding elections. As for the Algerian Army, it justified its actions on the basis of assumptions about the future conduct of a fundamentalist Islamic government, not on the basis of its actual record. The army's coup lacks all legitimacy. Worse, it exacerbates the already formidable difficulty of what is nevertheless a crucially important task: to persuade the fundamentalist movement throughout the region to respect the democratic process.

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ARTICLES.

ECONOMIC WAR ON CUBA

'Killing the Wounded Beast'

SAUL LANDAU

In early January I returned from eight days in Cuba, distressed by the dire state of affairs on the island and by Washington's continued obsession with Cuban President Fidel Castro, who thirty-two years ago expropriated U.S. property and declared Cuba's independence from the United States. Because the U.S. policy elite have carried this fixation through the decades, U.S.-Cuba relations are out of sync with the times and with American interests.

President Bush's post-cold war policy emphasizes free trade with Latin America, but he attempts to block investment and trade—from anywhere—with Cuba. The U.S. government recently prevented a Brazilian company from buying shares in Cuba's airline company by threatening to embargo parts for Brazil's commercial Boeing aircraft and by threatening to cancel the contract to purchase Brazilian-made planes for the Pentagon. A seeming exception was the recent announcement by the Bush Administration that A.T.&T. would be allowed to go ahead with a long-proposed expansion of telephone service between the United States and Cuba, but U.S. officials insist this is merely a new step in their attempts to undermine the Castro regime.

Attempts by Cuba to seek a behind-the-scenes de-escalation of hostilities have fallen on deaf ears in Washington. The sting of Fidel's thirty-three years of effective defiance of eight U.S. Presidents has become a national grudge centered in the White House; the possibility of a seasoned cold warrior like George Bush resuming relations with Castro is nil. A high-level State Department official explained that as long as right-wing exiles remain the significant political constituency for U.S.-Cuba policy, there would be no change in U.S. behavior. In effect, this is a demand for Castro's surrender—an unlikely occurrence.

But Castro is thinking ahead to the possibility of a Democratic victory in the November presidential election. When he addressed a recent conference of American, Russian and Cuban scholars and officials on the 1962 missile crisis, Castro seized the opportunity to announce a major change in Cuban foreign policy. Before an audience that included the likes of former Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara and former C.I.A. official Ray Cline, the Cuban President declared that his country would no longer provide aid for other revolutions or independence movements. He acknowledged that there was not exactly a seller's market for revolution these days, but he added that future opportunities for revolutionary agitation would surely arise in a Latin America racked with instability. Reversing a course that he initiated in 1959, Castro promised that Cuba would no longer encourage uprisings, because the world had changed and the Cuban revolution's main task was to survive, with its values and accomplishments intact.

Castro, reflecting the preponderant opinion of Cuban government and party officials, has privately admitted that the U.S. economic blockade is hurting the country badly and that Havana is prepared to make concessions that stop short of violating basic principles. But in public, as Washington tightens the economic vise around Cuba, Fidel summons his people once again to resist the "imperialist efforts" to destroy the island's independence. The revolution, Castro continues to exhort, belongs to the Cuban people. And despite growing disillusionment as the economy falters, the "maximum leader's" words still strike a resonant chord when he describes a scenario in which Miami-based Cubans return to reclaim the island and convert day care centers, schools and hospitals into shopping centers, condos and casinos. The Cubans I met were not eager to trade the revolution's concrete accomplishments for free-market democracy, an abstract concept that has not improved the economic life of most Third World or Eastern European people. And Cubans know they are better off than their Caribbean neighbors, despite the precipitate decline in their standard of living after the demise of the Soviet Union. They also have much higher expectations than neighboring islanders.

Unlike much of Latin America in the past three decades, Cuba has not had death squads or a military that routinely kills its own people. On the other hand, the bearded guerrillas who overthrew the hated Batista dictatorship in 1959 pledged democracy. Yet for thirty-three years of revolutionary rule, Cubans have not enjoyed free speech or politics. Castro has blamed U.S. imperialism for the continual state of crisis and has cleverly exported most of the dissenters to the United States; he has also arrested some potential dissident leaders before they could organize meaningful opposition. Last year, María Elena Cruz Varela, a writer, was dragged by a so-called rapid-response squad from her apartment and maltreated because she had written a critical "open letter to Fidel Castro." She was subsequently sentenced to prison.

Most of the Cubans I met disagreed with Cruz Varela's approach, but nevertheless expressed revulsion at goon-squad tactics. Some of my old friends were afraid to express themselves, since repression of dissent has deepened coincident with the economic crisis. They also told me they hoped the United States would end the cold war hostility toward Cuba. They did not understand why the more dovish sectors of the Cuban exile community, a sizable proportion of politically active Cuban-Americans, did not join with U.S. business, church and peace groups to pressure Congress to remove the obsolete embargo.

Cubans see no viable political alternative to the current government, even though Castro's support is probably at its lowest point ever. Few Cubans care to speculate on what will

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happen after Fidel passes from the scene. One thing is certain: There is no single heir apparent. Sophisticated Cubans point to Politburo member Carlos Aldana's important role in the current government and speculate that he could well preside over some form of committee government in the future. An important question is, What role will the military caste play? It has become a powerful force in Cuban politics, and high-ranking officers occupy many of the Cabinet positions. But Cubans are quick to point out that their island in 1992 is not comparable to Eastern European nations in 1989. The Cuban Communist Party has its share of opportunists, but it is not as reviled as the Eastern bloc parties were; it also has thousands of dedicated people who have eschewed opportunities for self-aggrandizement.

Even the party's staunchest supporters, however, shake their heads in bewilderment at the dazzling changes in geopolitics that left Cuba dependent on a nonexistent Soviet Union. Until 1990, the island imported about 80 percent of its needs from the Soviet bloc, including oil, wheat, raw materials and spare parts for industry and agriculture. Because of centralized state controls and a rigid, Soviet-style bureaucracy, Cuba lacks the elasticity that market economies possess. The most painful lesson for Cubans was that the Soviet insurance company, on which revolutions depended for survival, had no real model to offer, apart from replicas of its repressive agencies. Soviet collapse, combined with three decades of pummeling from the United States, has driven Castro to the wall but not quite to his knees.

"The beast is wounded," said former National Security Council official José Sorzano recently, describing the Administration's approach to Cuba. "It's time to go in for the kill." He was referring to the "long hunt," the three-decade-long economic embargo against Cuba. Although Sorzano was advocating economic aggression, not the actual use of force, his metaphor could easily provide encouragement to the most volatile members of the anti-Castro movement, for whom violence alone can purge the Cuban political scene, and their own tortured souls, of the hated revolution.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ERIC DROOKER

The fanatical element in the Cuban exile community has played an important role in U.S.-Cuba relations ever since the C.I.A. first recruited and trained several thousand exiled Cubans. Indeed, in the 1960s Washington's strategy was to combine covert acts of violence with economic strangulation.

On December 29, 1991, a Cuban patrol picked up three heavily armed men about to land a boat on the island. The invaders also possessed explosives, sophisticated detonators and the names of leading dissidents. They confessed to belonging to Commandos L, one of the myriad of semi-mysterious South Florida–based assault groups hatched from the C.I.A. egg in the 1960s. The leader of the incursion, 38-year-old Eduardo Díaz Betancourt, was executed. The other two received thirty-year sentences. The testimony of the invaders did not directly implicate the U.S. government in the raid, but it raised questions about Washington's willingness to enforce the neutrality laws that prohibit the Cuban exiles from using U.S. territory to promote violence against Cuba—or anywhere else.

State Department spokeswoman Margaret Tutwiler was emphatic that those who violated the Neutrality Act "will be vigorously pursued and duly prosecuted." The Cuban government reacted skeptically to the old "we will uphold the law" story they have heard many times before. But there are reasons to believe the Bush Administration. Sorzano himself says the Administration is delighted with the way its embargo on foreign exchange and necessary goods is working. This approach is endorsed in bills written by Representatives Robert Torricelli and Frank Guarini in the House and by the Mack Amendment in the Senate, all of which are designed to increase the suffering of the Cuban people in the hope they will rise up en masse against Castro.

A more sensible course for Washington would be to treat Cuba like other neighboring nations. Modest steps toward this goal have been taken by Representatives Ted Weiss and Howard Berman. Weiss's bill would remove the ban on exports of medicine and medical equipment to Cuba. Berman's would lift the travel ban to Cuba for all citizens. In addition, some members of Congress are irate over pressure from the White House and right-wing Cuban PACs to continue funding—to the tune of $16 million a year—TV Martí, the U.S. propaganda station beamed into Cuba and effectively jammed by the Castro government.

Like the embargo itself, the intrusion into Cuban airwaves is based on dubious legal and political foundations. But it will take serious political organizing and a good deal of public education to prevail upon Congress and the White House to drop their arcane Cuba policy and adopt one that makes sense in the revised geopolitical order.

Scores of U.S. businesses are eager to compete with foreign entrepreneurs for Cuban joint-venture schemes, and U.S. tourists would surely enjoy vacationing there. But as long as

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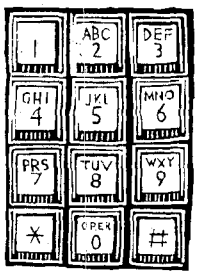
Economic Justice



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THE UNION & THE BILLIONAIRE—II

The Search for Marc Rich

DAVID CORN

Part one of this article described events leading up to the 1990 lockout of workers by the Ravenswood Aluminum Corporation (R.A.C.). The company brought in replacement workers; the employees, members of the United Steelworkers of America (U.S.W.A.), fought back, and the town of Ravenswood was bitterly divided.

On a bulletin board inside the union hall of Local 5668 in rural Ravenswood, West Virginia, there is an unofficial "wanted" poster that pictures a balding man in a suit. To 1,700 out-of-work R.A.C. employees the fellow in the photograph, Marc Rich, is the cause of their troubles. As befits a fugitive entrepreneur, the connection between Rich and the Ravenswood factory is veiled—if it truly exists. Rich benefits from an international order in which a financier can enjoy havens of secrecy and protection from the prying attentions of labor or law enforcement officials. But the billionaire has not been able to escape fully the pursuit of a few determined unionists. Last year, at the Steelworkers' request, a unit of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. called the Industrial Union Department designated Ravenswood a special project—a label applied to labor's most crucial fights, such as the recent Eastern Airlines and Greyhound campaigns. It put on the case the head of its Washington-based special-projects office, Joe Uehlein, the 38-year-old son of a founding member of the Steelworkers. Uehlein brought in two investigators—Richard Yeselson, a specialist in probing corporations, and Jim Hougan, a ruddy-faced, goateed journalist/private investigator who has written books on the murky world of private security firms and Watergate, the latter of which claims that the break-in was staged to collect information about a prostitution ring. Their assignment was to scrutinize every nook and cranny of R.A.C.'s finances and unearth its vulnerabilities. Their initial digging turned up a global trail and one very promising lead: The man who might really control R.A.C. is one of the biggest white-collar thieves of all time.

Marc Rich, a native of Belgium who became a U.S. citizen, dropped out of New York University and went on to a wildly successful career in commodities trading. He deals copper in Mexico, corn in Spain, nickel in the Philippines. He has been a major smuggler of oil to South Africa, according to the Shipping Research Bureau, an Amsterdam-based group that monitors the industry. He was accused in the British press in 1991 of dealing in embargoed Iraqi oil. He also allegedly traded grain with the Soviet Union during the U.S. grain embargo. He maintains offices around the world, running his operation from Zug, Switzerland. One of Rich's favorite commodities is aluminum. Financial news reports have estimated that he controls about 10 percent of the world's aluminum supply, and for years he has been suspected of rigging the market. He is—as an old joke has it—"Aluminumfinger," and he's on the lam.

In 1983 Rich and a partner, Pincus Green, fled the United States and a very substantial federal indictment, including charges that they and their companies evaded tax laws, committed fraud, racketeered, engaged in illicit oil deals and illegally traded oil with Iran during the hostage crisis. In 1984 the Swiss government rejected a U.S. request for extradition. That year, Rich's businesses pleaded guilty to a number of counts and paid more than $150 million in fines. But Rich and Green are still wanted in the United States. And the U.S. government will grant a reward in the range of $500,000 to anyone who facilitates their capture.

The basic question for the union investigators was, Who owns R.A.C.? According to an internal document obtained by the local, R.A.C. is privately held by Rinoman Investors (48 percent), Charles Bradley (20 percent), R. Emmett Boyle (27 percent) and other R.A.C. managers (5 percent). Rinoman, a Dutch company, is wholly owned by Willie Strothotte. Strothotte is also president of Clarendon Limited, a metal-trading company based in Stamford, Connecticut. Strothotte, as the union probers found out, is a longtime associate of Rich and reputed to be Rich's point man in the aluminum industry. Clarendon even used to be called Marc Rich and Company International. When Rich ran into legal problems, he quickly transferred 51 percent of the firm to a partner, Alexander Hackle, and the company eventually was renamed Clarendon.

The relationship between R.A.C.'s largest owner (Strothotte) and a company (Clarendon) in which Rich supposedly has only a 49 percent interest does not prove Rich owns the factory. R.A.C. maintains that Clarendon does not hold any of R.A.C. But one company document notes an odd-sounding arrangement that indicates a certain closeness between the two businesses: R.A.C. agreed to sell aluminum it produced to Clarendon and then buy it back at a profit to Clarendon. As they dug, Hougan and Yeselson discovered other connections between the plant and Rich. A loan agreement between R.A.C. and Ridgeway Commercial, a Swiss company, describes Ridgeway as an affiliate of Clarendon. Hougan visited Ridgeway's headquarters in Hergiswil, Switzerland. He asked who was in charge. An employee said, "Give us the name of your hotel and Marc Rich will contact you." Hougan did so but never heard from the fugitive. The union sleuths also discovered that the named partner of the law firm that handled the loan for the 1989 buyout of R.A.C. works for Rich.

The union has yet to uncover any piece of paper that clearly states that Rich owns R.A.C. Rich has denied he has "any ownership or position" in R.A.C. Willie Strothotte claims that the U.S.W.A. "has made gigantic misjudgments in this conflict" and that it seems to want to destroy the company. But in a recent interview one close Rich associate conceded, a bit cryptically, that it "would be silly to say that Marc Rich does not have some degree of influence" in the matter. The denials

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They Will Bring the Middle East Peace Talks to a Halt

- Unconditional US aid, including $400 million in previous housing loan guarantees granted on condition that they not be used to build Jewish settlements in Israeli-occupied territory, has been used to free up other funds for this purpose.
- The money will be used to "create facts" in Israeli-occupied territories in a blatant attempt to foreclose the land-for-peace option presented by UN Security Council Resolution 242, endorsed by six successive US presidents.
- Unrestricted loan guarantees to Israel would halt the current US-sponsored Arab-Israeli peace talks that offer the best hope in 44 years of ending the dispute that underlies virtually all US problems in the Middle East.

The US Taxpayer Repays Israeli Loans

- Since 1949, according to the Congressional Research Service, Israel has received $53 billion in US economic and military aid, much of it in the form of loans which Congress later forgave.
- While Israel waits for its loans to be forgiven, the US pays the interest because the Cranston Amendment provides that Israel's economic aid will never fall below the interest it owes to the US that year.
- Israel is rated D (on a scale of A to F) by the Export-Import Bank.
- Israel's long-term government debt not backed by US pledges receives a "triple B minus," the lowest investment grade rating, on Standard and Poor's index.
- If Israel had a good credit rating, it would not need US government loan guarantees.

Jewish settlement between Nablus and Ramallah built upon expropriated land in Israeli-occupied West Bank. *Said Elatab/Middle East Photo*

Israeli police evict Palestinian Arab residents of Silwan neighborhood in East Jerusalem from houses occupied by Jewish settlers. *Reuter*

$10 Billion in Loan Guarantees Will Cost US Taxpayers Billions

- Members of Congress who hide the true cost of these settlements almost invariably are recipients of campaign contributions from some of the 116 deceptively named pro-Israel PACs active in Washington over the past 16 years.
- If Israel meets all of its obligations, US taxpayers will pay $3.1 billion. Realistic estimates, based upon inability by Israel to repay part or all of the principal and interest, range from $29 billion up to $116.51 billion.
- Israel is asking the US to subsidize credit terms not available to US cities, counties or states.
- Israel is not using US funds to obtain immigrants, but using immigrants to obtain US funds.

American Public Opinion Does Not Support the Loan Guarantees

- In a September ABC/*Newsweek* poll, 86% of the US public supported postponement of loan guarantees. In December *Wall Street Journal*/NBC polls, US voters named Israel the principal obstacle to Mideast peace by 41% to 29% and opposed the loan guarantees by 4 to 1.

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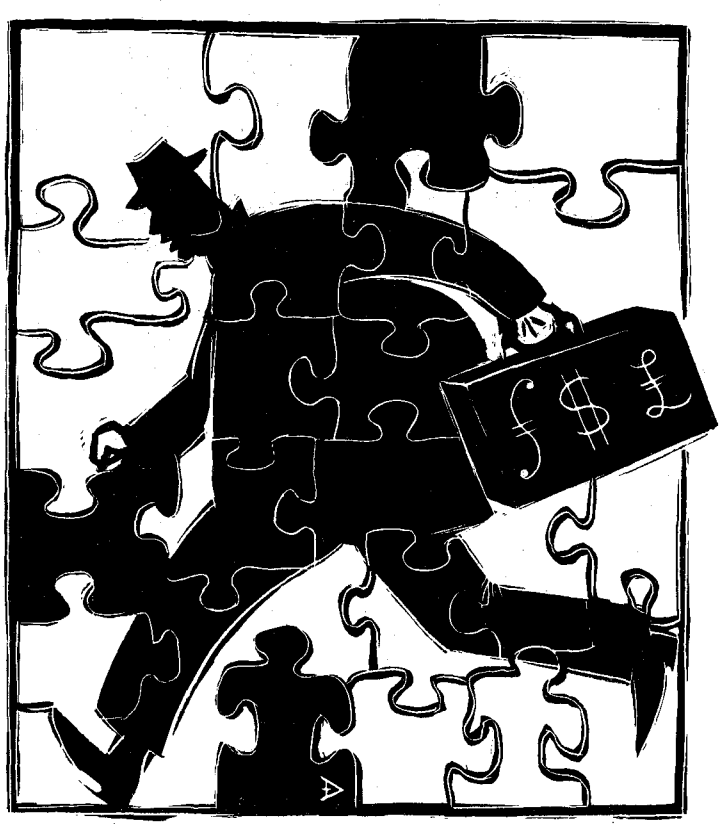
from Rich and Strothotte are not as persuasive as the case compiled by the union investigators. The jigsaw puzzle of corporate relations they have pieced together forms a picture in which the R.A.C. plant does appear to be part of Rich's global aluminum empire.

Convinced that Rich has the final say about R.A.C., the union has tried to direct public and government attention toward him. Rich, with the help of influential Washington attorney Leonard Garment, has been endeavoring to reach an accommodation with the U.S. government—presumably one that would allow him to return to the States without having to do time in jail. That task can only be more difficult if an organized campaign is persistently assailing Rich and the Justice Department's inability to bag him.

Some of the union's agitation prompted a Congressional investigation concerning Rich and Clarendon. Last year, when the union learned that Clarendon was making millions of dollars by selling nickel and copper to the U.S. Mint, it complained to Representative Bob Wise, whose district includes Ravenswood. Wise then conducted an inquiry and discovered that the Treasury Department had indeed examined the extent of control that Rich has over Clarendon but had badly botched the investigation. (The regulations regarding federal contracting with companies connected with indicted people are not clear-cut, but apparently would allow the Mint to stop purchasing from Clarendon.) At a hearing in December, Wise berated Treasury for hastily concluding that there was no problem with the Clarendon deal and scored the Justice Department for not providing information on its attempts to bring Rich and Green back to the United States for trial. The hearing threatened one of Clarendon's profitable ventures and did not improve Rich's chances of striking an accord with the Justice Department.



The union has confronted Rich in his own element. Last summer Uehlein, Dan Stidham (Local 5668's president) and some other locked-out workers, after being turned away from Rich's office in Zug, met with officers of the Nederlandsche Middenstandsbank in Amsterdam, which had extended a multimillion-dollar line of credit to R.A.C. (the N.M.B. agreed to meet with the Americans as a courtesy to its own union). The bankers had each of the West Virginia unionists tell their own story. But one point appeared to intrigue, if not worry, them: If a National Labor Relations Board finding—that the lockout at Ravenswood is illegal—stands, R.A.C. could end up owing workers back pay, which is accruing at the rate of about $50 million a year. To the 5668 unionists, it seemed as if the bankers had not realized that R.A.C. might be acquiring such a heavy liability.

In October, the U.S.W.A. sent Uehlein, Hougan and two members of the local to London to embarrass Rich. Outside a luxury hotel, where the London commodities exchange was hosting a black-tie dinner, the unionists handed out the "wanted" poster for Rich. After a while, a black B.M.W. with darkened windows pulled up. Four large men in expensive suits emerged. One of the gang, who sounded American, told Uehlein that if the unionists did not stop, they would end up at the bottom of a nearby lake. The men drove off. Within half an hour they were back. But by then the leafleters were being watched by British bobbies, who had been called by an annoyed hotel manager. The leader of the four walked past Uehlein and said quietly, "You've been warned." The next day, Uehlein, Hougan and the two R.A.C. workers were followed by men with hand-held radios, and the hotel rooms of the two local members were ransacked.

The Steelworkers' goal is to track Rich and screw up his business whenever possible. When they heard from Czechoslovak unionists that Rich was planning to buy the Slovakian National Aluminum Company, Lynn Williams, president of the U.S.W.A., sent a letter to President Vaclav Havel urging him not to cut a deal with "a criminal who represents the worst of Western capitalism." On another occasion, the union was informed that Rich was planning to buy a hotel in Romania. The U.S.W.A. contacted a new union there and shared with it all the information it had on Rich. The Romanians staged a demonstration against the purchase. The Steelworkers also tried to run interference in Venezuela after learning that Clarendon was part of a group bidding on an aluminum smelter there.

The unionists cannot readily tell if their assault on Rich is having any direct effect. Rich apparently has not consummated the deals in Czechoslovakia, Romania and Venezuela. Perhaps that's because of the static the union has created. Until it is proved otherwise, its officers and members are happy to take credit. "Marc Rich is not a quiet commodity anymore," Uehlein says with some satisfaction.

It helps the union's cause to have a face and a name to attach to the events that have thrown 1,700 West Virginians and Ohioans out of work. It's easier to fight a person than inchoate economic forces and trends, such as the debt-driven leveraged-buyout spree of the 1980s; the short-term, quarter-

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GOD AND THE INTELLECTUALS

Among the well-educated the myth still circulates that religion is the preserve of the dim-witted, unlettered, and irrational, that the price of salvation is checking your mind at the Pearly Gates. Yet, from Harvard to Berkeley, and among inquisitive people generally, there's an undeniable renewal of interest in the questions traditional religion raises and seeks to answer. This fascination is largely the result of the failure of secular substitutes for religion (such as positivism, rationalism, hedonism, consumerism, technological utopianism, Freudianism, and Marxism) to give abidingly satisfying answers to the truly significant puzzles in life: evil, goodness, suffering, love, death, and the meaning of it all.

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to-quarter mentality that infects much of American corporate management; the decline of the U.S. industrial base and subsequent loss of high-wage jobs; the growth of anti-union sentiment; and labor's own self-inflicted problems. But the union may have fixed on the right culprit and the right symbol, a billionaire who is seemingly above the law. Rich probably is the mastermind behind R.A.C.—the circumstantial evidence is strong—but even if he is not, he still clearly *holds* a position of influence in the R.A.C. dispute. The union would like to convince Rich that the R.A.C. conflict costs him more than it's worth. If that tactic fails, there remains the boycott campaign the union has initiated against R.A.C.-produced aluminum, and the legal effort to sustain and enforce the N.L.R.B. decision, which could take years.

Standing outside the union assistance center in Ravenswood, where she is picking up her biweekly food-bank package, Betty Totten, one of the locked-out workers, points to the local Masonic lodge and recalls that when the mortgage was recently burned, most of its members did not show up for the ceremony; many were on different sides of the R.A.C. fight. "It's terrible—I would never have believed it—that our system lets a fugitive in Switzerland ruin the lives of thousands of people in West Virginia," Totten says with a depressed sigh. "Life really used to be simple and pleasant for us. What Marc Rich has done here—that ought to be the real crime he's nailed for." □

Dominicans

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

was being constructed, most of the streets exiting the poor barrio were turned into dead ends. This has made the residents angry because they can hardly find a way out of the barrio, but it has also made work much more difficult for the eviction crews, who can hardly find a way in.

The Wall of Shame separates the two Santo Domingos. On the residential side there are virtually no government services, the public primary school that abuts the wall has no running water or electricity, and the unpaved streets are littered with uncollected garbage. Residents get their electricity by running their own wires up to the high-voltage lines by hand. Every once in a while the electric company comes by to cut all the illegal wires, and inevitably that same afternoon the residents can be seen climbing poles and cutting at electrical insulation with kitchen knives. This operation is actually not as dangerous as it seems, because the high-voltage wires usually carry no voltage, as the city's electric service provides only a few random hours of current a day. Throughout the city electricity is treated as a luxury. Most major traffic intersections have no working lights, and all the better restaurants and hotels have their own generators. One resident of Maquiteria told me that expecting the government to provide electricity was like "trying to throw rocks at the moon."

On the tourist side of the wall, the electric company has been more forthcoming. The lighthouse is endowed with a high-technology array of lights that will project its own shape, the outline of a giant cross, into the sky with 30 billion candlepower (according to calculations in the paper *El Siglo*). The lights have been fully tested only a few times, but residents of the surrounding barrios have reported that when the lighthouse goes on, their lights go off. No one can say for sure whether the lighthouse causes new blackouts in the city or whether those blackouts are just a normal service disruption, but it hardly matters in Maquiteria, where candles and torches are now indispensable.

The houses in Maquiteria have numbers spray-painted on them that correspond to the order of the future evictions. Those residents who are actually the owners of their houses are being bought out by the government and moved to housing developments on the outskirts of the city. The new housing developments are spartan but clean, and generally the evicted barrio dwellers who wind up there consider themselves lucky. Some who were evicted in 1989 are still waiting for their new houses, and these unlucky people are fervently hoping that the Balaguer government will find them housing before the tourists come. Some of the evicted people have been lucky enough to find housing with relatives or friends, but others have been left homeless. The general understanding among the community leaders and priests is that the residents of the barrio have political power only insofar as they present a potential embarrassment to the government. When the tourists have all gone home, the potential for embarrassment will have disappeared, and it is feared that those who have not yet been relocated will never get the housing the government has promised them. The case of renters and squatters is more extreme: The bulldozers bring devastation, and the government pays them only 1,000 pesos (about $100) for their troubles.

According to the literature from the Permanent Dominican Commission for the Celebration of the Quincentennial of the Discovery and Evangelization of America, Columbus is supposed to have said, "You shall put up crosses on all roads and pathways, for as God be praised, this land belongs to Christians, the remembrance of it must be preserved to all time." The Balaguer government has certainly put up one impressively enormous cross, but since it can be appreciated only from above, one must wonder who the audience is supposed to be. Judging by the fact that the residents of Maquiteria have both their access to and their view of the monument blocked by the Wall of Shame, we can be fairly certain that the monument is not for them.

The whole idea of a monument to Columbus is an idea that finds a cool reception in most parts of the Dominican Republic. About 80 percent of the Dominican people are mulatto (close to 100 percent in the poor barrios), with the blood of former African slaves clearly apparent in most. Dominicans, even the educated classes, usually refer to Columbus as "the Admiral," because they are superstitious about pronouncing his name. Even though Dominican schoolchildren learn a sanitized version of the Admiral's discovery and colonization of the island, the "black legend," as Dominicans commonly refer to the true history of Columbus—wherein Columbus authorized massacres of the Taino people and pressed the survivors into forced labor—is known to everyone.

Michael J. Rosenfeld is a writer living in Chicago.

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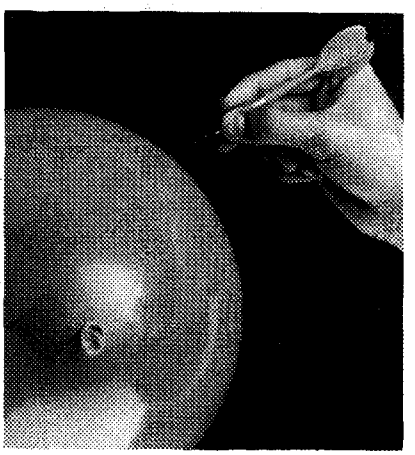

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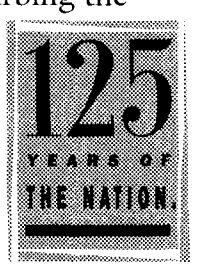

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Implicit in the celebrations of the 500th anniversary is a story of the discovery of America that most Dominicans know to be fictional. In the official version of events, the native peoples on the island died from diseases innocently brought over from Spain. It has also long been proposed by mainstream Dominican historians that the system of African slavery on the island was much more benign than slavery elsewhere in the Americas. Archeologist Fernando Luna Calderón of the Museo del Hombre Dominicano explains that although it may be technically correct to say that the Taino people died out because of contact with new diseases, this is really misleading. In fact, it was direct mistreatment and enforced starvation by the Spanish, who dislodged the Tainos from their land, that left them too weak to fight off the new diseases. And many Tainos committed suicide by drowning themselves or by drinking a poison made from the yucca plant to avoid becoming slaves to the Spanish.

As for the benign treatment of the African slaves, Calderón's digs at the site of the first Spanish settlement in the New World, La Isabela (founded in 1493), reveal a variety of devices used to torture the slaves, as well as the remnants of broken toes, fingers and noses from slaves who were perhaps uncooperative. Calderón says it should still be possible to celebrate the 500th anniversary of the contact between the two worlds, but only if the whole history is told.

The Balaguer government is interested only in the Spanish history of the island. The histories of African slaves and the indigenous peoples have been completely marginalized by the celebration of Columbus, much the way the dark-skinned people of Maquiteria have been hidden behind the Wall of Shame. This denial of the negritude of the people is nothing new in the republic. One of the central moments of twentieth-century Dominican history occurred in 1937, when the infamous dictator Rafael Trujillo ordered his army to kill however many Haitians it could find along the western frontier of the country (Balaguer was a close adviser to Trujillo at the time). Like so many other aspects of Trujillo's tyranny, the rationale behind this insane order, which resulted in the slaughter of at least 12,000 people, has never been fully explained. The combination of this horrific massacre and the memories of the Haitian occupation of Santo Domingo in the early nineteenth century has created a deep paranoia about blackness in the Dominican Republic.

Modern Dominican politics is usually understood as "Trujillismo without Trujillo," which is to say, authoritarian rule without the political assassinations that characterized the previous era. President Balaguer is 84 years old and blind, to which his supporters respond, "It is better to have no eyes than no brains." The barb refers chiefly to the opposition presidency of Jorge Blanco, who was quite corrupt (which Balaguer also is) and quite inept (which Balaguer is not). It is, in fact, Balaguer's shrewd political mind (along with a not-inconsiderable appeal to the rural poor) that has enabled him to stay in power, with a few interruptions, for thirty years. Even now, Balaguer's political enemies regard the aging autocrat as a dangerous adversary, and no one in the opposition dares to believe that he will keep his promise not to run again for president in 1994. Balaguer will keep himself in power until he dies, says former president Juan Bosch, "to insure himself the grandest state funeral in the history of the country."

Balaguer should begin to worry about how history will treat him, because according to Bosch he has "maintained himself in power by pure fraud" for most of his political career. Balaguer was first made President by his political mentor, the aging and much-hated Trujillo, in 1961. This presidency quickly lost credibility, and new elections were called in 1962. In those elections Bosch, a Marxist sociology professor who had been an outspoken critic of Trujillo, won in a landslide. However, he was soon overthrown in a right-wing military coup. The military junta ruled until 1965, when it became apparent that public demands for the return of Bosch to power could no longer be subdued. To prevent that from happening, President Lyndon Johnson sent the U.S. Marines to the Dominican Republic and new elections were imposed. Fearing for his life, Bosch hardly campaigned at all, and Balaguer was given the victory under a cloud of military control. With the leadership of the island now in more trusted hands, the Marines went home.

The most recent elections, on May 16, 1990, featured a rematch of political wits between the two great senior citizens of modern Dominican politics. It was a typical Balaguer performance, because the results were not announced until almost a month after the voting, a delay that gave the unmistakable impression that creative sciences were being employed in the President's favor. It is a general rule of Latin American elections that the fastest way to count votes is the honest way, while a good healthy fraud takes some time to prepare. When the official results were finally announced, they came as no surprise: Balaguer was given a victory with the narrowest possible margin over Bosch. According to Hatuey de Camps, the secretary general of one of the other opposition parties, the especially long delay in 1990 was a signal to the opposi-

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tion that they shouldn't bother getting their hopes up too high. It is impossible to defeat Balaguer in a close election, says de Camps, because in a close election a few thousand extra votes for the President can always be found.

It is hard to imagine what Bosch would be doing today if he were president (considering that he probably received more votes than Balaguer, this is not a superfluous question). In fact, by the time the 1990 elections were held, the Columbus Lighthouse was nearing completion. Would he have halted construction of this monument that he has called "an absurdity"? Bosch refuses to speculate about this, but that has not stopped other Dominicans from speculating. Just a few days before the elections, Bosch made some remarks that were highly critical of the Catholic Church, and those remarks were politically very costly to him. Many Dominicans who opposed Balaguer (and who were eager to support Bosch) interpreted Bosch's statements as an indication that he was trying to sabotage his own campaign. It is certainly true that becoming president in 1990 would have left Bosch in the difficult position of being in charge of monuments and celebrations whose very idea he finds offensive. Some observers here have suggested that Bosch, a man who has played an important role as the principled opposition for so many years, was less than eager to take the reins of power.

What we are left with, then, is a 500th anniversary that is pure Balaguer. Despite critics who argue that Santo Domingo needs electricity, buses and basic services rather than expensive new monuments, Balaguer pushes on. The vast expenditures on the lighthouse (the cost of which is a closely guarded government secret; *El Siglo* figures it at more than $70 million) and the expenses that have been incurred in building new roads, evicting poor residents in order to "beautify" the city and restoring the colonial sector of Santo Domingo are all part of President Balaguer's master plan to turn the Dominican Republic into a magnet for Western tourists. Unfortunately, Spain is rising to conquer it again, right on cue. Spain is having truly enormous celebrations this year that will dwarf anything the Dominican Republic can afford to produce. Barcelona has the Summer Olympics, Seville will host a World's Fair (the last of the century) and Madrid will be the official European Capital of Culture. Despite Balaguer's best efforts, there is no doubt that most of the tourists with money to spend will choose to go to Spain instead of the Dominican Republic.

Regardless of where the tourists will go, they can't help but see the Admiral's bones: Both Seville and Santo Domingo claim to have the real bones of Christopher Columbus. The Dominican Republic's bones will be stored in a tomb in the heart of the new lighthouse. The prospect that these bones, which are so extravagantly housed, might not be the true bones of Columbus has caused a few snickers among the residents here. Other sources of amusement include the fact that the new lighthouse is more than a kilometer from the coast, so its ability to guide ships in is a bit compromised. And, as Bosch likes to say, "even Columbus found this island without the help of a lighthouse." But the snickering lasts only as long as the flickering electricity in people's homes, which is just a sign from the light bulbs that another blackout is coming. All good humor is quickly forgotten as residents feel around in the dark for their candles. □

EDITORIALS.

(*Continued From Page 221*)

tions to proceed in an orderly and democratic manner."

The plan envisions jurisdiction over "all the Palestinian territories occupied since June 1967," encompassing "the land, natural resources and water, the subsoil, and their territorial sea and air space," and "all the *Palestinian* inhabitants of these territories." [Emphasis added.] It calls for the transfer to the self-government authority "all the powers, responsibilities and jurisdiction which are exercised by any Israeli military or civilian authority, or any agency acting for or on behalf of the Israeli government."

The document proposes Israeli military withdrawal "from all populated areas immediately before the PISGA election process is initiated," followed by withdrawal to the borders of the occupied territories in phases linked to the transfer of responsibilities to the self-government authority. (The plan's introduction states that it is a proposed basis for negotiations after "the total cessation of all settlement activities.") This transitional period presumes a United Nations peacekeeping force "to assure internal and external security and public order," to be followed by a "strong local Palestinian law enforcement force" under the control of the self-government authority.

The delegation to the talks in Washington took the initiative to draft and present the outline, based on a longer document drafted in Cairo in December by Palestinian delegates, advisers and P.L.O. officials, in this last session. The issue of elections, as an element of Palestinian political reform, was the subject of an extensive debate in the Palestinian press for much of 1991. The P.L.O. agreed to the initiative knowing that if implemented it would surely increase the weight of the inhabitants of the West Bank and Gaza in Palestinian politics. One Palestinian adviser to the delegation described the outline as "authoritative," fully representing the views of the delegation and of the P.L.O. in Tunis.

The Palestinians' decision to compose the draft and to push hard for its authorization reflects their determination not to allow the Shamir government to mire the negotiations in procedural wrangling. The Palestinians themselves had participated in ten days of haggling in State Department corridors in December. Some delegates and advisers said they had encountered a strong sentiment on their return home that they move the talks to matters of substance.

Secretary of State James Baker's timetable calls for the parties to reach an interim arrangement within a year of the opening conference in Madrid—i.e., by the end of October. The PISGA proposal, the only one on the table, commits the Palestinians, including the P.L.O., to a reasonable vision of mutual recognition and compatible self-determination. When the talks reconvene, there will be an opportunity to end the silence that has greeted this important initiative. JOE STORK

Joe Stork is the editor of Middle East Report, *in Washington, D.C.*

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THE COMMON-SENSE GUIDE TO AMERICAN COLLEGES 1991-1992. *Executive editor, Charles Horner. Madison Books. 448 pp. $14.95.*

THE NATIONAL REVIEW COLLEGE GUIDE. *Edited by Charles Sykes and Brad Miner. Wolgemuth & Hyatt. 212 pp. $14.95.*

Parents of high school students: If you wanted your kids to go to a college where they would *not* be exposed to women's studies, African-American literature, radical history or deconstruction, where could you send them? It's not an easy task to find such schools today, but these two new college guides have identified a few possibilities—schools that *National Review* literary editor Brad Miner calls "safe," schools where "your kids are not going to go as a Young American for Freedom and come back after a semester a Marxist." William F. Buckley Jr. states in his introduction that the *National Review*'s fifty favorites teach students "why the freedom of the marketplace is essential to [human] freedom." With that ideological agenda, it isn't hard to see why the schools Buckley's magazine has "honored"—his term—are mostly little-known Christian colleges where almost everyone is white and majors in business.

The National Review College Guide doesn't list Harvard, Yale, Stanford or Princeton among the fifty best colleges, nor does it list Williams, Swarthmore or Amherst, the small liberal arts colleges ranked highest this year by the conservative *U. S. News & World Report*. Seven of the *National Review*'s favorite fifty have dress codes; five have mandatory chapel requirements. The first school on the *National Review* list is Asbury College in Wilmore, Kentucky, which declares that it has "a high view of scripture as God's infallible word." Second is Baylor University in Waco, Texas; of its 11,774 students, "more than six thousand are involved in Baptist Student Union activities." One senior described the ideal Baylor student as "Baptist and blonde." Third is Birmingham-Southern; under the heading "The Pursuit of Excellence," the editors point out that nineteen former Miss Alabamas attended the school.

Then they recommend Brigham Young University, the Mormon institution in Provo, Utah; the recruitment catalogue maintains that the school's mission is "to assist individuals in the quest for perfection and eternal life." In pursuit of these goals, the school requires that students abstain from alcohol, tobacco, coffee and premarital sex. The school regulations state that "beards are not acceptable." At B.Y.U., "every winter semester each student undergoes an evaluation in order to receive 'ecclesiastical endorsement.' Has the student had a cup of coffee? Is his hair too long?" Non-Mormons who want this kind of college education have to pay 50 percent more than Mormons. One fact about B.Y.U. not reported in the conservative college guides: Sixty-two rapes were reported in Provo in the first half of 1991, twice as many as in all of 1990. Nevertheless, the college refused to permit a rape-awareness speaker on campus on the ground that the subject was too "controversial."

Eighteen of these favorite fifty schools reported that blacks constituted 1 percent of their student body.

Next on the *National Review* list is Calvin College in Grand Rapids, Michigan, which requires that faculty members be "professing Christians." At Calvin, the editors write, "one piece of good news is the absence of a Women's Studies program." There's even better news at the Franciscan University of Steubenville, in Ohio, where professors who teach "Marxism, secular humanism, lesbianism and feminism 'as a priority over a Christian commitment' have been eased out."

Most of the recommended schools don't openly proclaim an adherence to right-wing ideology; instead they declare their "emphasis on traditional values." For each of these college guides, a "safe" conservative school is defined as one that requires first-year students to take a course on traditional Western values. The editors believe that required first-year courses are the most important part of a young person's college years; college students themselves find that idea amusing. How many college grads remember anything from their required freshman year courses?

You don't like racial conflict on campus—blacks raising issues of fairness and equality? *The National Review College Guide* has the answer: Go to a college where there are no blacks! Thomas Aquinas, one of three recommended schools in California, disclosed that it had no black students at all, while eighteen of the favorite fifty schools reported that blacks constituted 1 percent of their student body. One percent at a small college turns out to be a tiny handful of students; at Asbury College, one percent equals a total of ten black students in the entire student body. (At Berkeley, by contrast, 7 percent of undergraduates, or 1,492, are African-American.) More than half of the *National Review*'s favorite fifty are at least 90 percent white. Harvard, by comparison, is 69 percent white, while Berkeley's entering class this year was only 35 percent white.

In the free market, money talks, and at most of these places the faculty receives unusually low wages. At Houghton College in New York, the average salary for a full professor is $31,400—according to the American Association of University Professors (A.A.U.P.) 1990 survey, the lowest of all colleges in the state, and less than half what's paid by the State University of New York at Stony Brook. St. Vincent in Pennsylvania pays full professors $39,000; in the same state, Swarthmore pays full professors almost $20,000 more. Lynchburg in Virginia pays $42,300, while the neighboring University of Virginia pays $70,100. Those who believe in the sacred laws of the market will be forced to draw certain conclusions about the quality of the faculty at right-wing schools.

But there is trouble, even in *National Review* land: Davidson College in Davidson, North Carolina, which apparently produces a disproportionate number of chief executive officers of major U.S. corporations, has established a "Cultural Diversity requirement" for graduation; the guide editors note with "some con-

Jon Wiener is a contributing editor of The Nation*; his book* Professors, Politics and Pop *was recently published by Verso.*

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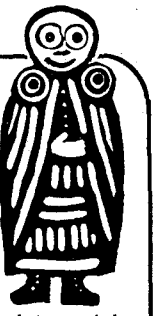
cern" that "three of the eight professors hired for the 1990-91 year are African-American," evidence that the school is "willing to sacrifice academic quality for 'diversity.' " More bad news among the favorite fifty: At St. Olaf College in Northfield, Minnesota, thirty-seven faculty members participate in a women's studies program—the *National Review* guide notes with special disapproval a course on "Norwegian Women Writers: Feminist Perspectives." Neighboring Gustavus Adolphus in St. Peter, Minnesota, is also straying; it has established a "Peace Education Program." Even at Calvin College "there are a number of left-leaning faculty members who teach courses like 'Diversity and Inequality in North American Society.' " So parents can't be confident about the intellectual safety of their children even at the *National Review*'s chosen colleges.

The Madison Center's college guide takes a different approach from the *National Review*: "We picked colleges and universities that we thought people would want to know more about." Thus we learn that at the University of Michigan "the political atmosphere is an acid rain of leftist ideology"; Rutgers has organizations with "the most bizarre agendas, for example, the Committee in Solidarity with the People of El Salvador (CISPES)." Swarthmore's numerous offenses include courses on "Feminist Interpretations of Scripture" and "Black Culture and Black Consciousness." The Madison Center guide tells the sad story of Harold Wenglinsky at Princeton. Last spring, when Princeton's feminists held a "Take Back the Night" march against sexual harassment, Wenglinsky argued that the march violated his freedom of speech because men were excluded from the formulation of demands presented to the administration. (He overlooked the possibility that men could have formulated their own demands, thus regaining their speech powers.) As a result, the *Philadelphia Inquirer* reported, Wenglinsky received two telephoned threats, and "peers have shunned him at parties. . . . 'I felt like a Jew persecuted by the Nazis,' said Wenglinsky, who is Jewish." The message is clear: If you're a conservative, that's the way you will feel at Princeton.

While most of the recommended schools are little-known Christian colleges in the South, both guides recommend Columbia University because of its yearlong first-year requirement in "Contemporary Civilization" ("CC") and "Literature and Humanities," both of which assign the classics of Western civ from Plato to the present. The Madison Center guide praises the courses for teaching "the accumulated wisdom of the West," but the guidebook editors may not be aware of who is teaching the course and how they are presenting the accumulated wisdom. Ti-Grace Atkinson has taught CC a number of times over the past four years; she is remembered by many for her argument that "all sex is reactionary" in a 1974 essay reprinted in her book *Amazon Odyssey*. "I love to teach Plato," she says. "Most of the issues we discuss today were raised by Plato: issues about women, about abolishing the nuclear family." Another CC instructor is historian James Shenton, who has been teaching the course "off and on since 1951," he says. "Given my Catholic background, I particularly enjoy teaching the Bible, where we focus on the question, 'Is the New Testament a gospel of revolution?' Nobody teaches it in terms of a traditional focus anymore. We talk in terms of Central and South America today; the class becomes subversive at this point, to put it mildly. We also assign Frantz Fanon's *Wretched of the Earth*; it works beautifully to show the way Western thought has infiltrated the non-Western world. I think the CC program as a whole is liberalizing the thinking of conservative students—it makes them more open and more receptive to questions about the verities."

Both the *National Review* and the Madison Center pick two colleges above all the rest for their zeal in adhering to the conservative faith: Grove City and Hillsdale. Grove City College, in western Pennsylvania, gained notoriety in the mid-1980s for its four-year battle against federal antidiscrimination laws. The school refused to certify that it did not discriminate against women, and in 1977 sued the federal government. In a major blow to civil rights, the Reagan Supreme Court ruled in 1984 in the Grove City case that only the specific program getting federal money was barred from discriminating. It took Congress four years to pass the Civil Rights Restoration Act of 1988, reversing the Grove City decision; Reagan vetoed it, but Congress overrode the veto by a large margin. The *National Review* guide calls the Civil Rights Restoration Act "unfortunate."

One college has gone even further than Grove City: Hillsdale College in Hillsdale, Michigan, the other heartthrob of the far



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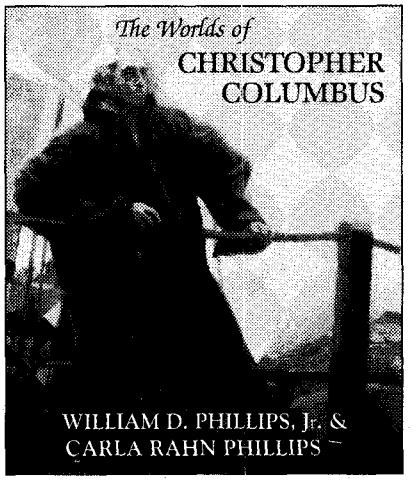

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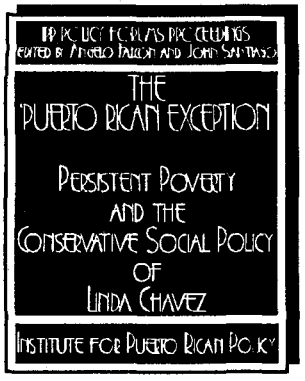
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right. Hillsdale refuses all federal support; its students are not allowed to receive federal student loans or funds from the G.I. Bill. Freed thereby from the provisions of the Civil Rights Restoration Act, Hillsdale has achieved a freedom to practice discrimination that makes it unique among American colleges and universities. "Hillsdale is part of a moral revolution," the school's president, George Roche, declared in 1988. "We stand apart from the culture." The school claims to have its own "color-blind" nondiscrimination policy; as a result, Hillsdale's student body is 98 percent white.

The Hillsdale curriculum is centered on "the venerable absolutes of truth, beauty and goodness." In keeping with this commitment, students are required to attend seminars in the "Center for Constructive Alternatives" program, which has brought such exemplars of truth and goodness as Norman Podhoretz, Midge Decter, J. Enoch Powell and William F. Buckley. George Bush and Ronald Reagan have also spoken at Hillsdale.

Hillsdale and Grove City share one other distinction that is not mentioned in either right-wing guide: Each of the two schools is currently on the censure list of the A.A.U.P. for violations of academic freedom. Grove City has been on the A.A.U.P. censure list longer than any other college or university in America. In 1962 Grove City dismissed Larry Gara, an American historian and a productive scholar who was also a Quaker pacifist and draft resister. In 1949, Gara had been convicted of violating the Selective Service Act by counseling a student who had refused to register. Gara argued that the First Amendment protected draft counseling, but in the Supreme Court's 1950 decision in *Gara v. United States*, a divided Court denied his appeal and sent him to prison, where he served part of an eighteen-month sentence.

Gara was fired, the A.A.U.P. suggested, because of Grove City's ties to the John Birch Society: The chairman of Grove City's board of trustees, J. Howard Pew, head of Sun Oil, was a member of the editorial advisory board of *American Opinion*, published by the Birch Society. Pew probably became aware of Gara's politics after Gara was denounced in the student newspaper by Hans Sennholz, then head of the economics department, for believing in the doctrine of "better red than dead." Sennholz was at the time a member of the editorial staff of *American Opinion*. Gara's firing led to faculty protests and a demonstration by 200 students, which received extensive coverage on Pittsburgh television and radio in 1962; Jack Anderson devoted a column to the case, reporting that Pew had ordered Gara's firing.

The A.A.U.P. noted in its 1963 report that Grove City had no due process, no grievance or appeals procedure governing faculty appointments and protecting academic freedom. In 1972 Grove City got a new president, Charles MacKenzie, who said the school had recently established a grievance procedure. "We asked for details of that procedure every year for twenty years," says Jordan Kurland, associate general secretary of the A.A.U.P. "After ten years of our inquiries, he wrote us a brief note saying, 'We have no interest in cooperating with you.' That was 1982. Last year MacKenzie stepped down and a new president, Jerry Combee, took office. We've written him twice since June 1991 expressing concern about due process and the protection of academic freedom at Grove City, but we've heard nothing from him so far." As for Larry Gara, he now teaches history at Wilmington College in Wilmington, Ohio; the University Press of Kansas just published his fourth book, *The Presidency of Franklin Pierce*. "I have no rancor against Grove City," he says.

Hillsdale was placed on the A.A.U.P. censure list in 1988 because of its firing of Warren Treadgold, an assistant professor of history. Treadgold is a political conservative and a distinguished and prolific scholar of Byzantine history. A Harvard Ph.D., he is the author of three books. Treadgold has been a visiting faculty member at U.C.L.A., Berkeley and Stanford and a visiting fellow at All Souls College, Oxford. Controversy erupted at Hillsdale in 1986-87 when several faculty members criticized president Roche for deciding to build an athletic fieldhouse rather than using the funds to support the school's academic program; the faculty members had hoped Hillsdale could be turned into a "conservative Amherst." Three faculty members, all in Treadgold's department, resigned; Treadgold had not been part of the controversy, but when a dean sued one of the faculty members who had resigned, Treadgold told the student newspaper that "the lawsuit was outrageous. There can be disagreements without placing the matter in the courts." Three months later, Treadgold was fired. The A.A.U.P. declared in 1988 that the school had violated his academic freedom, and placed Hillsdale on its list of censured institutions. Today Treadgold

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teaches at Florida International University in Miami: "I am a conservative, and my disagreements weren't with their politics," he explained. "Basically Hillsdale is a feudal manor run by George Roche. It's a one-man show. Faculty members are leaving Hillsdale all the time; then others are hired—because people need jobs."

Students at Hillsdale who criticize the president don't get treated much better than faculty who do—even when the student criticism appears in a right-wing paper in the *Dartmouth Review* mold. When students made plans to publish the independent *Hillsdale Spectator* in 1990, president Roche urged editor Mark Nehls not to do it. But Nehls had learned that the free market is the source of all other freedoms; he asked whether or not the market should decide the fate of his paper. Roche is reported to have replied, "Hillsdale should not be treated as a market situation." The administration banned distribution of the paper on campus. That "betrayed Hillsdale's vision," the *Spectator* declared. The administration eventually expelled Nehls.

The *Spectator* published other criticisms of the school: Sarah Rogacki, another student, declared that "my safety and rights as a woman on this campus are a joke." A friend had been the victim of a date rape, and "the man who did it got off with a slap on the wrist." At Hillsdale, the *Spectator* concluded, date rape apparently merits social probation, while criticizing the president gets you expelled. "Hillsdale is a cult of personality and not of principle," the paper said in an editorial. "Roche is the divine monarch." After his expulsion, Nehls wrote that "political correctness was never an issue"; instead, Hillsdale's problem was "E.C.: Establishment Correctness." "What an education," he concluded. Today Mark Nehls is in California, planning to enter the Marine Corps. "My work as an independent journalist is temporarily suspended," he said in an interview.

But president Roche does not rule all of Hillsdale. Just a few blocks from the campus is Volume I bookstore, which describes itself as "a cooperative specializing in socialist, women's, labor, and radical material." Alan Wald, professor of English at the University of Michigan, reports visiting the bookstore just before the outbreak of the Gulf War and finding it "a beehive of antiwar activity." Bookstore founder Richard Watch reports that "on the eve of the Gulf War we had some very successful antiwar vigils and actions that included college people—professors and a couple of students." Conservative parents should take note: Even at Hillsdale, your kids could leave the shelter of the campus, go to the town bookstore and make contact with radical types; even at Hillsdale, they aren't safe.

Do rich conservatives really send their kids to the schools recommended by these guidebooks? The Madison Center reports on Harvard: "Overall, there is no quarreling with Harvard's success in producing graduates who go on to wealth [and] power." Parents, if your kid is admitted to both Hillsdale and Harvard, don't think twice, it's all right. Of course, the top dogs among Reagan-era conservatives didn't come from Grove City and Hillsdale; they came from Harvard and Yale, where they learned to argue and match wits with smart liberals. (*National Review* editor William F. Buckley's son Christopher, it should be noted, followed his father to Yale.) At last we learn what the right-wing guides really mean when they speak of "traditional values"—they'll take wealth and power over ideological consistency anytime. □

Dressed for Success

DAVID KAUFMAN

VESTED INTERESTS: Cross-Dressing and Cultural Anxiety. *By Marjorie Garber. Routledge. 443 pp. $35.*

BODY GUARDS: The Cultural Politics of Gender Ambiguity. *Edited by Julia Epstein and Kristina Straub. Routledge. 382 pp. $52.50. Paper $16.95.*

It would be nearly impossible, I suspect, to calculate the degree to which aspects of cross-dressing and gender-crossing permeate American culture. According to the International Foundation for Gender Education, 6 percent of the U.S. population are cross-dressers and 1 percent are transsexuals. But this is surely so only in the strictest of senses. The increasing number of organizations, magazines, newsletters and self-help books designed to cater to the cross-dresser of any persuasion or purpose, such as *Tapestry*, the "SHAFT Newsletter," and *Information for the Female-to-Male Crossdresser and Transsexual*, provide confirmation that interest in the subject is far more pervasive than these statistics alone imply.

An inventory of figures, both real and imagined, both contemporary and historical, would suggest the same. Consider Joan of Arc, Liberace, Oscar Wilde, Michael Jackson, Ganymede, Elvis Presley, Little Richard, Rudolph Valentino, David Bowie, Candy Darling, Orlando, Jackie Curtis, Milton Berle, Garbo, Flip Wilson, Boy George, Chevalier d'Eon, Madonna, Rrose Sélavy, Mr. T., Abbé de Choisy, Laurie Anderson, Dame Edna, Peter Pan, Pope Joan, T.E. Lawrence, Dustin Hoffman as Tootsie, Jack Lemmon and Tony Curtis in *Some Like It Hot*, Barbra Streisand in *Yentl*, Song Liling (*M. Butterfly*). Nor is there anything particularly new or novel about transvestism, from kabuki theater to the use of "boy" actors to portray female characters on the Elizabethan stage.

As the phenomenon of cross-dressing has become ever more prominent in the past few decades, concomitant critical studies and commentaries have emerged to explore the implications both in history and for our era. But even with the unprecedented body of literature on cross-dressing now available, it remains hard to fathom what the common denominator might be that could link the diverse names on the list above. It is in this respect that Marjorie Garber's *Vested Interests: Cross-Dressing and Cultural Anxiety* is bound to become the new, comprehensive bible on the subject.

A professor of English and director of the Center for Literary and Cultural Studies at Harvard University, Garber has uncovered a surprising abundance of data and examples of cross-dressing from the worlds of history, literature, biology, anthropology, film, music, psychoanalytic theory, and popular and mass culture. Her vast research and persuasive insights advance her contention that "the definition of the grounds of human gender will always involve more, and less, than any clearly decidable 'bottom line.' "

Despite all of the attention and clarification she attempts to give it, Garber's more specific thesis remains somewhat harder to convey, if not to pin down. She comes closest to introducing her theme when she writes that

> the tendency on the part of many critics has been to look *through* rather than

David Kaufman, theater critic of Downtown, *is at work on a biography of Charles Ludlam. His reviews appear frequently in* The New York Times Book Review, Newsday *and* The Nation.

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> *at* the cross-dresser, to turn away from a close encounter with the transvestite, and to want instead to subsume that figure within one of the two traditional genders. To elide and erase—or to *appropriate* the transvestite for particular political and critical aims . . .

While there are many instances of transvestites who were compelled to disguise themselves for social and economic reasons (and Garber deals with a host of them), to dwell on such motives is precisely what the author would have us avoid. She regards such appropriations of transvestism "in the service of a humanist 'progress narrative' as both unconvincing and highly problematic," and proposes that "the consequent reinscription of 'male' and 'female,' even if tempered (or impelled) by feminist consciousness, reaffirms the patriarchal binary and ignores what is staring us in the face: the existence of the transvestite, the figure that disrupts." She takes this a step further as well, contending that the current popularity of cross-dressing as a theme in art and criticism represents "an undertheorized recognition of the necessary critique of binary thinking, whether particularized as male and female, black and white, yes and no, Republican and Democrat, self and Other, or in any other way."

Garber does return time and again to what she acknowledges as "the most conventional of motives" for cross-dressing—namely, the need for work, the economic forces that have compelled many a woman to pass as a man, or vice versa. She also acknowledges that aspects of dress often become emblematic of political positions and that historically, "sometimes the politics followed the fashion, and sometimes the fashion followed the politics." But in keeping with her major premise, her far more express concern is with seeing beyond any of the agendas, political or otherwise, that an outsider might bring to a cross-dressed situation.

To illustrate her point, Garber focuses in her introduction on an invigorating discussion of *Tootsie*, Sydney Pollack's 1982 film starring Dustin Hoffman. In the movie, Hoffman portrays an unemployed actor named Michael Dorsey who found more acting opportunities for women than for men, and transformed himself into a female impersonator named Dorothy Michaels. Dorothy becomes a wildly popular TV character named Emily.

Garber proceeds to examine a number of reactions to the movie before explaining, "What is striking to me about all of the readings of the film is that they erase or look through the cross-dresser, wishing instead to redistribute his/her power: Hoffman/Dorsey/Dorothy/Emily is a man; or an 'image of a woman'; or an image of an actor, so that the final deception is lack of deception. . . . But if Hoffman is presented, subtextually, as an actor in *Tootsie*, he is also presented, full frontally, as a cross-dresser."

Transvestism 'denaturalizes, destabilizes, and defamiliarizes sex and gender signs.'

In Garber's view, the inclination to evaluate the transvestite by assessing and reassigning status according to increasingly outmoded notions of gender divisions thereby reaffirms the very terms that transvestism denies: A female impersonator is typically perceived as really a man pretending to be a woman, and a male impersonator as a woman pretending to be a man. Garber suggests that the transvestite is rather symbolic of an Otherness, "a third term" with the inherent capacity—if not necessarily the ambition—to upset more normal or regimented assignments imposed by social and cultural structures as well as by political systems. This is what the "cultural anxiety" in her subtitle alludes to and what her recurring focus on a "category of crisis" is about.

As Garber summarizes her position, the noticeable "confusion" or anxiety in response to cross-dressing and what it represents is "both the threat and the fear." Along the same lines, it's important to understand that if transvestism offers a critique of binary sex and gender distinctions, this

> is not because it simply makes such distinctions reversible but because it denaturalizes, destabilizes, and defamiliarizes sex and gender *signs*. When a homosexual relation seems to trope off a heterosexual relation, what is revealed is that the signs by which heterosexuality had encoded and recognized itself have been detached from a referent with which those signs are thereby revealed to have had a conventional rather than natural connection.

It is precisely the broadness of Garber's theme that allows her to canvass such a wide spectrum of supporting evidence. But interpreting the transvestite as a symbol qua symbol can also lead into some pretty indefensible territory. "The more I have studied transvestism and its relation to representation," writes Garber, "the more I have begun to see it, oddly enough, as in many ways normative." This is but one step away from the statement that "transvestite theater is the *norm*, not the aberration," or the suggestion that "*all* women cross-dress as women when they produce themselves as artifacts." Further attempts to define the cross-dresser as the object of desire or "a way of describing a space of possibility," and in terms of "that which must always elude a final capture," are themselves elusive concepts, yet part and parcel of Garber's thesis.

From her chapter titles alone, such as "The Chic of Araby," "Religious Habits," and "Phantoms of the Opera" (not to mention subheadings such as "Clothes Encounters of the Third Kind"), it's easy to get a sense of Garber's approach. She means to make her highly theoretical analysis of a complex and thorny subject relatively accessible. And by relying on so many references from popular culture to flesh out her argument, she also manages to make an apparently foreign topic a lot more familiar or closer to home than many imagine it is.

In the countless personalities and instances of cross-dressing she scrutinizes, Garber follows her own advice and looks directly at the transvestite implications, locating the "third term" for us and delving into what it represents. We learn that cross-dressing frequently entails a crossing over not limited to gender boundaries. For instance, Little Richard, the "King of Rock 'n' Roll" who became notorious for his flamboyant costume and makeup, was deliberately trying to cross over from the black music world into the white marketplace. "His gay persona was an effective distraction from his race," suggests Garber. In a similar way, Liberace, another celebrated cross-dresser, set out to facilitate the public's acceptance of classical music by turning it into easy listening fare; just as Elvis Presley, also known for his makeup and extravagant dress, straddled the line between white and black music, picking up where Little Richard left off, albeit reversing directions. The respective transitions and what they really entailed were glossed over by displacing the public's "anxiety"

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onto ostentatious, show-business tactics, amounting to transvestite effects. And as Garber demonstrates, a remarkable number of performers—especially in the music world—have followed suit in this fashion ever since.

Beyond the many cases she finds in the realms of movies and music, Garber is especially illuminating in her lengthy examination of transvestite subplots in detective fiction. From Poe and Sherlock Holmes to P.D. James and Ellery Queen, she persuasively shows that "the habit of looking *through* rather than *at* the cross-dresser . . . is in the detective story an absolutely foundational move." In her chapter devoted to religion, she has a field day not only with the transvestite female saints who "were legion as well as legend," but also with an extensive look at Western religious costume as "part of a lexicon of gender-bending" and "a striking manifestation of cultural anxiety."

In perhaps her most groundbreaking chapter, "The Chic of Araby," she explores the West's longtime flirtation with the Middle East as a hotbed of transvestism and sexual deviance by focusing on T.E. Lawrence, Rudolph Valentino and Isabelle Eberhardt, and by offering an in-depth re-evaluation of *Salome*. She ends the book with a fascinating, tour-de-force interpretation of "Little Red Riding Hood" (the wolf is disguised as a woman, after all), relating it in compelling ways to Freud's famous case of the Wolf-Man. In the beginning of her discussion of Little Red Riding Hood and the "wolf," Garber herself proves guilty of exercising what she calls "the overdetermination of the name" as she italicizes the surnames of Virginia Woolf, Christa Wolf, William Wolff, not to mention the first names of Wolfram Eberhard, Wolfgang Mieder, and Hans-Wolf Jager, each of whom she relates to her discussion of the folk tale.

To be sure, Garber's perspicacity gets the best of her whenever she plays with words in this ostensibly meaningful but ultimately arbitrary manner. It's more affected than legitimate, even if her approach throughout the book is, in some respects, one that turns on similar caprices of language. Nor does she really answer well one of the key questions she asks in her introduction: "Why have cultural observers today been so preoccupied with cross-dressing? Why is it virtually impossible to pick up a newspaper or turn on the television or go to the movies without encountering, in some guise, the question of sartorial gender bending?"

In an odd way, Garber's own vested interests in defining and redefining her terms prevent her from truly eliciting the political ramifications she only implies. But another book, *Body Guards: The Cultural Politics of Gender Ambiguity*, delves more deeply into the politics of the matter.

An anthology of essays edited by Julia Epstein and Kristina Straub, *Body Guards* has arrived from the same publisher and makes for a good companion volume to *Vested Interests*. Indeed, Garber is one of the thirteen essayists represented in the book, in a slightly modified version of her "Chic of Araby" chapter from *Vested Interests*.

As its subtitle indicates, *Body Guards* is more precisely interested in the politics of gender questions; and the essays it contains are, as a rule, more specifically concerned with gender-related issues than with cross-dressing per se. It nevertheless pursues and extends Garber's focus on binary oppositions as they are thrown into question by the current fixation on gender and its implications.

The fact that the contributors to this volume had the opportunity to see one another's essays before producing a final version of their own gives *Body Guards* an interactive unity that is rare in anthologies. As summarized by Epstein and Straub in their introduction to the collection, "The questions asked by our essayists shift back and forth between how bodies are guarded and how they elude or resist the institutions that guard them. Even the most partial and tentative answers yielded by historical research reveal pervasive and intense struggles to control, define and negotiate the sexual and gendered body."

Little here will be found to contradict what Garber writes in her book; but if she is particularly weak at telling us why there is suddenly a greater interest in gender concerns than there used to be, to all evidence *Body Guards* is more eager to make the contemporary connections. This is the case even though the first few essays are rooted in, respectively, Greco-Roman times (" 'I Will Make Mary Male': Pieties of the Body and Gender Transformation of Christian Women in Late Antiquity" by Elizabeth Castelli), the Middle Ages ("The Categorization of Gender and Sexual Irregularity in Medieval Arabic Vice Lists" by Everett K. Rowson) and the Renaissance ("Fetishizing Gender: Constructing the Hermaphrodite in Renaissance Europe" by Ann Rosalind Jones and Peter Stallybrass).

To return once again to Epstein and Straub's overall view, "At this particular moment, the formulation and deployment of historical information about the functions of ambiguity in relation to sex/gender systems might well be one of our most powerful means of exposing right-wing mystifications of gender and sexuality, mystifications that often take the form of 'clarifications'—a rigid and oppressive categorizing (and conflation) of roles and behaviors." Also, as they claim, what the right posits as Other, and to them that means unnatural, a new academic left including Marxists, feminists, African-Americans, and gay theorists and critics reassesses "*as ambiguity*, as, therefore, glitches in the system by which the self/other dichotomies of race, class, gender, and sexual object choice are composed. The gender-ambiguous subject is recuperated from Otherness to be positioned as that which gives the lie to supposedly natural and inflexible sex/gender systems."

In their stipulated ambition to locate contemporary values or applications for

TREES IN THE NIGHT

With grief and finally helpless we had come to bury
the last of our love beneath the immense, swaying pines.
Months they had surrounded our sleep and our waking.
Months we had listened to their rumors of storm or of calm
so it only seemed right to grieve with them one final time—
such human grief to think they would care if they could.

There was nothing to say or so much—blame and reprisal—
it couldn't be spoken. Months we had loved
the golden finches shooting like arrows of sunlight
through branches fifty, sixty feet high. How many trees?
We just stood in cool patches quiet with needles and ferns.
Such a grief—solitary, dark—still thinking of itself in the plural.

David Baker

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gender ambiguity, Epstein and Straub are perhaps dismissive of Garber's mandate to view the cross-dresser ultimately in a more open light, free of any political agendas. Recuperation is, after all, a way of looking *through* rather than *at*.

Albeit on a less theoretical level, Warhol superstar Holly Woodlawn reinforces the point in her recently published memoir, *A Low Life in High Heels* (St. Martin's): There were no self-conscious political motives behind her extended life as a notorious "drag queen" and performer. If anything, her chatty and gossipy account of being a female impersonator suggests that it was primarily a personal development. "There I was thinking that I was a glamourous goddess," writes Woodlawn, "but at the drop of a dime (and usually a pill or two) off came my dress! I was a ballsy broad—and I had the balls to prove it!" □

Yearning to Breathe Free

BARRY COMMONER

L.A.'S LETHAL AIR: New Strategies for Policy, Organizing, and Action. *By Eric Mann and the WATCHDOG Organizing Committee. Labor/Community Strategy Center. 80 pp. $15.*

Environmentalists are fond of slogans, and none has been more popular than E.F. Schumacher's admonition to "think globally; act locally." Some of our most important environmental problems are indeed global, but can be resolved only by local action to change the systems of industrial and agricultural production that generate them. The slogan nicely fits a number of issues: global warming, the shrinking ozone layer, the destruction of tropical rain forests, the growing international trade in toxic wastes.

But what does the slogan mean in East Los Angeles? There, impoverished immigrant Latino workers live among factories that emit toxic solvents and metals that, added to the noxious pall of smog over the city and the surrounding area, shorten their lives and sicken their children. In East L.A., Schumacher's slogan needs to be revised: "To act locally, think locally as well."

The need for a new urban environmentalism is amply demonstrated in *L.A.'s Lethal Air: New Strategies for Policy, Organizing, and Action*, written by Eric Mann, director of the Labor/Community Strategy Center, a major progressive force in the Los Angeles area. (The book is available from the Center, 14540 Haynes St., Suite 200, Van Nuys, CA 91411.)

L.A.'s Lethal Air is a rare effort to translate environmentalism into street-level policy. Anyone who has talked about the environment with the residents of poor urban neighborhoods soon discovers that they are far more concerned with other issues: jobs, housing, medical care, social services and crime. No purely environmental message—even about the polluted air they are breathing—carries much weight.

Mann and his colleagues have linked the issue of air pollution to the poor neighborhoods' overriding concern: survival. The book's opening paragraph dramatically makes the point. It cites the results of autopsies on 100 youths between the ages of 15 and 25 who died as a result of violence and accidents. These deaths memorialize a tragic statistic—that violence is the most prevalent cause of death among black and Latino youths. But the autopsies also revealed that 80 percent of the youths had "notable lung abnormalities" that the pathologist, Dr. Russell Sherwin of the University of Southern California, observed was "above and beyond what we've seen with smoking or even respiratory viruses. . . . It's much more severe, much more prevalent." According to Sherwin, if the youths had lived they would have had a very high probability of clinical disease by the time they were 40. In East L.A. people's lives are at risk from both flying bullets and toxic air [see Mann, "L.A.'s Smogbusters," September 17, 1990].

L.A.'s Lethal Air vividly documents the environmental threats to survival. The statistics alone are shocking. The book contains three-dimensional, multicolor, computerized maps indicating the frequency with which federal air pollution standards were exceeded between 1985 and 1987. The map for ozone (a diagnostic component of the mélange of noxious substances known as photochemical smog) shows that the stand-

Barry Commoner directs the Center for the Biology of Natural Systems at Queens College (City University of New York). The paperback edition of his latest book, Making Peace With the Planet, *will be published this spring (The New Press).*

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ard was exceeded 15-20 days annually throughout the Bos-Wash corridor and in most urban areas around the country. But Los Angeles dominates the map, averaging about 130 days a year when ozone levels exceeded the federal standard.

This is old news to environmentalists. But in Mann's book, the bald environmental statistic is transformed into a story about people. In a brief section on the elderly, for example, the book points out that lung function steadily deteriorates with age, so that in Los Angeles's polluted environment "simply breathing the air every day brings an old age marked by shortness of breath and a wide range of illnesses from bronchitis to emphysema to cancer."

There is a similar link between air pollution and the real-life problem of AIDS. Mann points out that because of a distinctive feature of Los Angeles air pollution, people exposed to HIV may become more readily susceptible to the ravages of AIDS. Nitrogen oxide, an air pollutant that is significantly in violation of federal standards *only* in Los Angeles, is known from animal tests to damage the immune system—HIV's point of attack.

By similarly linking the real-life concerns of people with respiratory problems, joggers, smokers, pregnant women and workers to air pollution, Mann brings the environmental issue down to the Los Angeles streets. What best symbolizes how *L.A.'s Lethal Air* extends the conventional range of environmentalism is a chapter headed "Class, Race, and Gender: The Unspoken Categories of Public Health." Here the book shows why "the environmental crisis impacts us all, but not equally." Workers in the factories that produce the pollutants are exposed to their highest levels; immigrant Latinos, compelled to find work wherever they can, make up most of the work force of the polluting industries. If blacks, Latinos and Asian-Americans try to achieve the dream of running their own small business by opening a dry-cleaning establishment, they will be exposed to a dangerous solvent, perchloroethylene.

A telling irony sharply distinguishes between conventional and street-level environmentalism. East L.A. is sometimes commended by state environmentalists for its good "job/housing balance." Most people live near their place of work, thus reducing automotive traffic and the resultant air pollution. But as Juana Gutierrez of Mothers of East L.A. points out, "It's easy for you to say it is good that our factories are near our houses, when our neighborhoods are filled with furniture and metal plating factories and body shops, and our children in the community are getting sick from these fumes. We need jobs, but we need our health as well."

Poor neighborhoods are subject to a kind of environmental imperialism; viewed as powerless to resist, they are singled out as sites for toxic dumps, incinerators and similarly dangerous facilities. Thus, when Los Angeles decided to build trash-burning incinerators, a major project was to be located in South Central L.A., where the population is 52 percent black and 44 percent Latino and the median annual income is $7,500. This was in keeping with a California consultant's advice to locate incinerators in "neighborhoods least likely to express opposition—older and lower socio-economic neighborhoods." In this case the invaders met their match, for a neighborhood coalition, aided by professionals from U.C.L.A. and elsewhere, blocked the project.

These examples illustrate the unique contribution that *L.A.'s Lethal Air* makes to the evolving environmental movement. They show that the environmental crisis is not foreign to the urban poor but—like violence in the streets, unemployment and racial discrimination—is part of their life, a threat to survival.

What, then, is the solution? Mann, who was a major player in the battle to organize auto and aerospace workers in California, calls out, "Organize!" If air pollution is a special threat to workers, people of color, children and the victims of AIDS, bring them together in a common campaign. But as he points out, "In order to develop a solution, you have to understand the causes of the problem." And the cause he pinpoints? Corporate America.

Mann reflects the growing recognition that environmental pollution cannot be cured by attaching catalytic converters to auto exhausts or scrubbers to power-plant smokestacks. Pollution can only be prevented—by building the right kind of automobiles and power plants in the first place. This means organizing to overcome the enormous power that corporations exert over our lives, by attacking the origin of that power—their exclusive right to determine what is produced, by what means and at what cost to the workers and the environment. Since the power that corporations wield over the nation originates in this exclusive right, then, as Mann says, "there is a need for a new social movement, one that demands democratic control over basic corporate production decisions." □

FILMS.

STUART KLAWANS

Films of Alexander Sokurov
Thank You and Good Night!
Love Crimes

Rainer Maria Rilke picked up so many signals from outer space that we shouldn't be surprised to find among his poems the occasional film review, jotted down during some extremely advanced interstellar screening. Recently, for example, I discovered that "Washing the Corpse," written in Paris in 1908, records his impressions of Alexander Sokurov's picture *The Second Circle*, filmed in Siberia in 1989. I yield to a superior critic (translated by Stephen Mitchell):

> They had, for a while, grown used to
> him. But after
> they lit the kitchen lamp and in the dark
> it began to burn, restlessly, the stranger
> was altogether strange. They washed his
> neck,
>
> and since they knew nothing about his
> life
> they lied till they produced another one,
> as they kept washing. . . .

See how quickly Rilke caught the signs of a kindred sensibility: the crossing back and forth between the familiar and the strange; the exaggerated play of light and shadow; the paring away of background and context so that the essential thing—the direct, physical engagement with death—would stand out, stark and inescapable, despite any chitchat evasions. Only a poet—and of a rare character at that—could have intuited *The Second Circle* so clearly and completely. The rest of us must be grateful to the international film circuit for enabling us to see a series of the films of Alexander Sokurov. In a moment, I'll give the dates and venues. First, though, another look at *The Second Circle*, this time through prosaic eyes.

Imagine a blizzard howling across a frozen plain. The flat, empty ground is white; the sky, above a high horizon line, is white. Within this landscape, so stretched out and bleak that it seems unreal, only two features stick up: a tower (perhaps an antenna) in the background, toward the left of the frame, and a young man who kneels in the foreground at the right. Who is he? Sokurov never tells us. Where is he? Apparently, in a forbidding region of the Soviet Union—though de-

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tails of the location and regime matter little. Looking back through my notes, I found the words "fucking South Chicago" scrawled in reaction to an establishing shot. Each of us, in his or her way, recognizes the Last Place on Earth. This is it; and now that the young man has got here, he finds his father has died and is lying in a squalid, dusty room where an untuned radio yammers into the void. Who was the father? What was his relationship with his son? We never learn about that, either. No matter. The son, like it or not, has to bury the old man, and for the next ninety minutes we watch him stumble through the whole procedure: washing the corpse, obtaining the death certificate, negotiating over the price of the funeral, helping to angle the coffined body out the door and down the stairs.

The Second Circle is a clothesline film: One discrete event follows another, and another. So, too, do characters enter the story and leave again. For each encounter, Sokurov uses a subtly different style. In the episode of getting the death certificate, for example, he shows us a static, head-on view of the doctor. She is an old woman, disillusioned but kindly. Sharing the frame with her is a child, who sweetly repeats some of her phrases: "Everything's going to be all right" and "Cancer." Later in the film, during the embalming scene, Sokurov shows us the two morticians at an awkward angle, through a doorway, while the son knocks around nearer the camera.

With the most vivid of the characters, the funeral director, Sokurov at first chooses a conventional strategy: He crosscuts between her and the son as they dicker over costly details, such as whether the corpse needs stockings. By far the best-dressed character in the film, with well-applied makeup and carefully groomed hair, the funeral director is both brusquely offensive and gratuitously kind. One moment, bullying the son, she announces that she has five more funerals to arrange, so he'd better hurry up. The next moment, she's decided to front some of the costs out of her own pocket—and barks at the helpless young man that he'd better pay her back. When she later returns, to put the corpse into a coffin and remove it from the apartment, we witness the most complex sequence in the film. As the funeral director, in exasperation, issues orders and the son crawls around the room trying to comply, the camera gradually rises from near the floor toward the ceiling, then moves forward while sinking again, returning to the floor as the coffin descends the stairs. I can't think of any other shot quite like it—and yet the camera's movement is so slow and smooth, and the events taking place before it are so clumsy, that the viewer might well be oblivious to Sokurov's technique.

Out of the death of the Soviet system, out of death itself, Alexander Sokurov has made a stunning film.

The Second Circle is the first of Sokurov's films of which I could make such a statement. A protégé of Andrei Tarkovsky—who got the thoroughly out-of-favor young director his first job, at Lenfilm Studio—Sokurov was both maximalist in technique and gratingly avant-garde, from his earliest feature film, *The Lonely Voice of Man* (1978/87), through the 1988 *Days of Eclipse*. His soundtracks were multilayered and harshly discordant; his use of color, unnatural. He was forever juxtaposing footage from different sources, shot at various speeds and aspect ratios, some tinted yellow or red, some involving the use of blatantly phony models for sets. Such methods did not endear him to the Lenfilm authorities. When Sokurov made *Mournful Indifference* (1983), a fantasy loosely based on Shaw's *Heartbreak House*, Lenfilm stopped the shooting, pulled down the set, confiscated the footage (except for some bits and pieces that the editor refused to hand over) and circulated the rumor that Sokurov was about to issue a political protest. Such is the genius of the censorious mind. *Mournful Indifference* is a heavy work (especially for a film that wants to be antic) and no doubt would have sunk from view all on its own. By their interference, the censors seem merely to have stiffened Sokurov's resolve.

By the time Sokurov made *Days of Eclipse*, his work not only reflected his frustration but also conveyed a sense that the regime holding him back was moribund. Based on a novel by the Strugatsky brothers, the film tells the story of a Russian doctor in a desolate region of central Asia. Unknown forces keep interfering with his research, much as alien powers had interfered with Sokurov's filmmaking. At least, that seems to be what's happening, or part of it. Although the film is eerily compelling, with its quasi-ethnographic footage, uncanny incidents and characters from Beyond, *Days of Eclipse* makes as much sense as the last twenty minutes of *2001: A Space Odyssey*. Still, you can find in it a sequence that in retrospect seems like a trial run for *The Second Circle*.

Days of Eclipse includes a long, extraordinary episode in which police and medics deal with a suicide's corpse. Sokurov shot the scene from a single camera setup; though he condensed the action with lap dissolves, the effect remains very close to that of real time. Understated and solemn, the episode feels unlike any other sequence in *Days of Eclipse*. It pulls you in, instead of shoving you back. Though as transparently made-up as anything else in the film, the sequence gives you the leisure and quiet you need to work your own way into the frame.

The Second Circle plays as if that sequence had been expanded to feature length. For the first time, I think, Sokurov concentrated unblinkingly on a subject, as if he'd figured out a purpose for all that avant-garde trickery. His stylistic traits suddenly snapped into place; he became a soft-spoken maximalist. Whether he'll remain one is anybody's guess, just as it's impossible to predict the future of a film industry that kept him pure and feisty by trying to crush him, and that now is itself in ruins. (Perhaps the Russian studios, which are already providing cheap production facilities for the West, will become a Cinecittà for the nineties. Look for a new Hercules cycle out of Lenfilm.) All I can say for sure is that out of the death of the Soviet system, out of a confrontation with death itself, Alexander Sokurov has made a stunning film.

"The Films of Alexander Sokurov" will be on view in Toronto at the Cinematheque Ontario, February 21-29; in Cambridge at the Harvard Film Archive, March 6-15; in Berkeley at the Pacific Film Archive, April 3-11; and in Austin at Texas Union Films, April 20–May 4. The series will travel later in the year to Santa Fe, Houston, Ithaca, Cleveland, Columbus, Los Angeles and Vancouver.

While we're talking about stiffs, let me recommend *Thank You and Good Night!*, Jan Oxenberg's fantasy/documentary on the life and death of her grandmother, Mae Joffe.

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The documentary side of *Thank You and Good Night!* consists of interviews shot with Joffe while she was dying of cancer and with members of Oxenberg's family as they coped with their grief. The family behaved just like a family—they exasperated each other, they underestimated each other, they proved each other wrong and, in this case, they held together. As for Joffe, throughout her ordeal she was agonized, despairing, jocular, brusque, amazingly patient and above all full of love for her granddaughter. How else could she have endured the presence of a film crew during her last days? In a hospital scene, very close to the time of Joffe's death, we see Oxenberg promise to follow her into the hereafter. "Don't forget to bring the cameras," Joffe replies. "Bring the film. Bring everything."

To call such a woman valiant would be to reduce her to a cardboard figure—which brings us to the fantasy element in *Thank You and Good Night!* Oxenberg has dramatized some of the story's big questions—for example, was Joffe's life really rotten or did she make herself miserable?—using life-size cutouts. The grandmother cutout is much younger and plumper than the woman we see in the documentary footage; the figure seems to be based on a photograph of Mae Joffe in her 50s. The Jan Oxenberg cutout, also based on a photograph, shows us the filmmaker as a scowling, beady-eyed 5-year-old, the age to which she felt she had returned. The cardboard Jan doesn't like this business of seeing people dumped into holes in the ground. She dreams of rocketing into outer space in search of her grandmother, who surely must still be alive somewhere. When the grown-up, documentary-footage Jan can no longer bear the Jewish rituals of mourning, the cutout Jan hangs herself, right in front of the staircase in her mother's house.

Whereas *The Second Circle* cuts away all the nonessentials, *Thank You and Good Night!* is full of anecdotes and personal bric-a-brac; for all its honesty, it's also the work of someone who is trying hard to entertain you. Even the title resonates with show-biz jollity. (Little wonder that the cardboard Jan reunites with her grandmother in a movie theater—the aptly named Loew's Paradise.) Without that trouper's good cheer, Oxenberg's film might have been too grueling to watch. Strange, then, that the austere Sokurov, who doesn't know how to be playful, should be the one to elevate the spirit, while Oxenberg, for all her humor and drollery, leaves you drained. That's not a fault—just evidence of how hard it is to lift a film into the realm where all its details become meaningful. The camera, by its very nature, records particularities by the thousands (unless, of course, you follow Sokurov's example and shoot a near-empty landscape in a blizzard). To Oxenberg, all those particularities matter, because they're hers. They're like the collection of salt and pepper shakers that Mae Joffe left behind. Life is just a box of *tchotchkes*. And death? Oxenberg tries, but she can't rocket us there. That's the limitation of her film, but also its sadness and its strength.

With *Born in Flames* and *Working Girls*, Lizzie Borden proved herself to be one of the smartest and funniest of America's politically committed directors—a feminist with a sure grasp of the craft of filmmaking and a talent for tickling raw nerves. So I was eager to see *Love Crimes*, the first film for which she's had even a moderate budget. Off I went to a basement in Times Square, where the distributor had dumped the film without benefit of press screenings. The audience consisted of twenty guys wearing earflap caps and one obsessed left-wing critic scribbling notes, the writer of which now informs you that *Love Crimes*, though not terrific, is pretty good and might be worth your patronage, if you can find it in a theater. No doubt the picture will find its real audience once it becomes material for a Ben Sonnenberg video review; but before I cede it to him, a few words of endorsement:

Love Crimes tells the story of an Atlanta district attorney (Sean Young) in pursuit of a woman-abuser (Patrick Bergin). The criminal, who likes to impersonate a famous photographer, preys on the vulnerable, the self-doubting, the insecure. He flatters women by asking them to pose, bullies them into acting out sexual games before the camera, seduces them by offering comfort for the hurt he's just inflicted, and then disappears, sometimes taking only the photos as his trophies, sometimes stealing their cars as well. Up-to-the-minute students of feminist theory will immediately recognize such themes as violation by camera and complicity by submission; but that's only Borden's starting point.

By casting Sean Young as her protagonist, Borden has given the male villain his match in creepiness. You can always depend on Young to seem uncomfortable with her direction, her costumes, her body and the English language. A cold, inept actress portraying a cold, inept control freak, she makes the perfect opponent for Bergin (who is, for all purposes, reprising his role as the Ken-doll monster of *Sleeping With the Enemy*). He justifies his crimes by claiming to liberate women, allowing them to live out their fantasies. The third main character in the film, Young's detective buddy (Arnetia Walker), understands there's some truth behind that excuse. "Look at the faces," she says of the victims' photographs. "There's some kind of mutual fantasy going on." But Young is too self-righteous to see the point. When all else fails, she turns herself into a decoy for the photographer/rapist. He's too much in love with his rinky-dink Marquis de Sade spiel to realize that *her* fantasies, if acted out, would cost him his life. For a long time, she doesn't get it, either.

Borden seems to have wanted *Love Crimes* to play as a conventional thriller to pull in a general audience, but also to function as political allegory for more sophisticated viewers. Though she's very good at keeping the action clicking along—she got her start in the film business as an editor, and it shows—I don't think Borden has quite succeeded in her first goal. The people flocking to see Rebecca De Mornay go crazy in *The Hand That Rocks the Cradle* just wouldn't get their quota of yays and boos—but that's because Borden *has* succeeded in her second goal. *Love Crimes* is troubling and ambiguous all the way through, from the rape—or is it seduction?—that opens

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EAST HILL ROAD

The mourning dove in the apple tree
meets the solitary apple that refused
to fall. The tree's last patients,
they commiserate in the empty blue.
Snow patches the dun path, a crumb-trail
of cold. By the pond two cattails,
having missed their cue to burst,
now stand helpless as popsicles.
In love there is no such thing as choice,
but unlimited supplies of regret.
There, in your citrus-circled house,
on your canyon perch, the need for me
subsides like heat at evening.
Hold this page up to a mirror:
you will see a whitening aisle
through a field, a river
parted from its current.

Jessica Hornik

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the story to its closing shot, of the district attorney literally burning an image of herself. It's a tough-minded, fast-paced feminist movie in which nobody gets off easy. Try it.

Short Takes: Mississippi Masala is such a rich pleasure that I feel I should say as little as possible about it. Commentary could only water down the fun. Directed by Mira Nair and written by Sooni Taraporevala—the same team who made *Salaam Bombay!*—the film tells of the love affair between Mina (Sarita Choudhury), an Indian-Ugandan-British-American, and Demetrius (Denzel Washington), a Deep-South-African-American. Hooray for hyphens! In promoting those friendly little punctuation marks with their agglomerative role, *Mississippi Masala* takes up the same theme as *Jungle Fever*, but in a spirit of warmhearted optimism. I found it irresistible.

Ernest Dickerson, the extraordinary cinematographer of *Jungle Fever* and all of Spike Lee's other films, has made his debut as a director with *Juice*. The story of four teenagers growing up in a Harlem culture that glamorizes violence, *Juice* sometimes recalls Shirley Clarke's *The Cool World*, but with the sensibility of a movie rather than a film. Early on, by the use of a clip from *White Heat*, Dickerson announces his loyalty to the hard-edged action tradition; by the end, he's more than justified his claim to the genre.

Nation readers who are in New York and are looking for more genteel (though no less substantial) pleasures might notice that the Swiss Institute is sponsoring screenings of Swiss films through February and March. You can catch an Alain Tanner retrospective at Lincoln Center's Walter Reade Theater; new Swiss documentaries at Film Forum; a Daniel Schmid retrospective at the Public Theater; and recent Swiss films, again at Lincoln Center.

"Short Films From Latin America," a circulating series organized by the American Federation of Arts, brings together thirty-six rarely seen pictures—narratives, documentaries and animations—from twelve countries. The first series of its kind to be shown in the United States, it is not to be missed. The program debuts at New York's Museum of Modern Art through February 18, and then will play throughout 1992 in a dozen cities, including Santa Cruz, Berkeley, Los Angeles, Pittsburgh, St. Louis and Miami. For details of the tour, call the public information office of the A.F.A. at (212) 988-7700. □

EXCHANGE.

(*Continued From Page 218*)

ing work—proof, I write, of the continuing evils of white racism and economic injustice. I also write that moral discipline is indispensable to protest politics—something else Steinberg obviously hasn't learned.

Reed's swipe at me is his third in your pages. Even granting that his prose reads like placards in an old May Day parade, I'm puzzled. I mention feminism twice in my book—to praise it. Reed may be attacking me, as he did William J. Wilson, for writing that two adults are better than one at raising kids. But who knows what he means? I only want readers to know that what he did write about my book is untrue.

In the same issue, Reed's wife, Micaela di Leonardo, offers a variation on a fable in which Goldilocks plays the *Zeitgeist*. I, too, have a fable, for the saga of my *Nation* detractors and my book: The Princess and the Pea. While waiting for one of you to get out of bed and take on my arguments, I'll gladly be cast with Wilson, Theda Skocpol, Jonathan Rieder, Cornel West, Thomas and Mary Edsall, J. Anthony Lukas and other traitors to racial groupthink. Just spare us your cheap shots.

Jim Sleeper

STEINBERG REPLIES

New York City

Jim Sleeper says he wants to debate the issues, but he frustrates such a discussion with a self-serving allegation that I am out for revenge because his book criticizes mine. His paranoia is transparent. My criticism was aimed not at him but at the retrograde positions that he advances in his book, all the more infuriating because they are presented with a leftist veneer. On the substantive point in question, Sleeper wrote: "What kinds of hard work and moral discipline may people who envision a democratic and just society demand even of the poorest and most oppressed?" As I wrote in my review in *New Politics* (Summer 1991): "Doesn't Sleeper realize that 'hard work and moral discipline' constitute the flip side of 'sloth and immorality,' the incriminating tag that Social Darwinists in their various guises have always placed upon the poor and the downtrodden?" What relevance does it have that Sleeper opens his book with an account of racial job segmentation in New York if he opposes affirmative action, which is the only policy since the abolition of slavery that has effectively combated racial job segmentation? Of what import is his closing image of blacks seeking work if his book lapses into blaming the victim, and implies that blacks lack the work ethic and moral fiber to lift themselves out of poverty?

Sleeper is at odds with himself. He professes concern for the plight of black America but scoffs at the "public obsession with racism," accuses blacks of "participating in their own victimization," unequivocally opposes affirmative action and effectively denies blacks the right to protest their oppression because this will polarize American society and defeat a nonexistent interracial coalition. Sleeper has a field day lampooning the likes of Al Sharpton and Leonard Jeffries—easy targets, to be sure—but he uses them to discredit the entire antiracist movement. Like others on the color-blind left, he wants blacks to become politically invisible on the assumption that this will get Democrats elected and ultimately produce the programs that African-Americans desperately need. This *is* a subject worthy of serious debate, which indeed was the whole point of the *Nation* special issue. My own position is that the "moral discipline" Sleeper says is "indispensable to protest politics" amounts to an *im*moral—and gutless (to use Sleeper's term)—capitulation to racism and political reaction.

Stephen Steinberg

REED REPLIES

Evanston, Ill.

I sympathize with Elizabeth Martinez's concerns. Our issue, though, responded to a particular line that construes black Americans as the principal reason for the left's difficulties. Our objective was critique of that line, not sociological documentation of the status of the various racially defined populations in the United States (although, as Micaela di Leonardo points out, the black-white dichotomy provides the basis for the construction of race as a meaningful category in contemporary American life). To that extent, especially given constraints on space, we could not give more than peripheral consideration to other groups castigated in the new discourse—for example, movements advocating the agendas of women, gays and people with disabilities—or to populations that are victimized by racial stratification but not singled out for blame in the narrative we criticize.

S.L. Rennacker does not read very well. Julian Bond and I did not propose the average = white equation; we simply noted that it is a coded formulation that the Edsalls and others employ, thereby implying that blacks and their demands are somehow not authentically American. Don't blame the messenger.

The complaint that we don't mention Mason et al. along with Duke is wrongheaded in many ways. Here's only the most obvious: David Duke has been elected to a state legislative seat and has received approximately 40 percent of the total Louisiana vote in both U.S. Senate and gubernatorial races. The others have no real constituency and have power only to draw attention from the willing news industry. Also, in combining pieties about "learning how to work effectively together" with the contention that it is inappropriate to make even justified charges of racism, Rennacker exemplifies a particularly crude version of the phenomenon we wrote against.

I have had considerable respect for James Weinstein's work for more than twenty years.

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I believe that his defense of *In These Times* is honest, but it is wrong. In *I.T.T.*'s June 26/July 9, 1991, issue, John Judis accuses Congressional Democrats of "betraying their working-class constituents" by pursuing an allegedly meaningless civil rights bill "while the recession goes on." In the same issue the unsigned editorial, presumably written by Weinstein himself, charges busing with having fragmented the left "because it posed forced integration against the principle of neighborhood schools" and complains that "affirmative action is often pushed in situations where its main effect will be to divide the potential left constituency." The November 27/December 10, 1991, editorial links David Duke's success exclusively to "policies that place increasing financial burdens on middle-income working people," creating "a perfect scenario for getting the American people . . . to blame each other for deteriorating social conditions and insecurity about work" and fueling "tribal habits." Nowhere do any of those articles acknowledge the existence of white racism at all, much less treat it as a phenomenon that any genuine left must confront. They all, as Weinstein's letter does, sidestep the issue by falsely positing a tit-for-tat racial parity in which an evil elite induces "the American people to fight among themselves."

The old black-and-white-unite-and-fight bromides have a nostalgic appeal, but they beg a very large question: Why is white "middle-income working people's" frustration so likely to express itself in racist terms specifically? What makes this *particular* divide-and-rule strategy so popularly resonant among whites? In this context the focus on a universalistic, social democratic agenda—which all participants in the *Nation* special issue support wholeheartedly—smells of economistic excuse-making and an alternative to attacking racial privilege. We did not accuse Weinstein of opposing affirmative action. In fact, juxtaposing universalistic programs and affirmative action is trite and a false opposition. Why, after all, can't we have both social democracy and racial equality? And isn't racial equality also a universalistic objective? The drive to explain away white racism leads ineluctably to the all-too-familiar practice of judging minority demands for inclusion and opportunity to be divisive. What arrangements would Weinstein find acceptable for "reducing the fierce competition for jobs, educational opportunities and affordable housing"? No one opposes the idea that we need a "unifying politics." The real question, though, is the one that Weinstein and others try to gloss: *Who* should sacrifice *what* for the sake of unity?

No such ambiguities exist within the pompous idiocies of the Sleeper-centric view of the universe (well known to the multitudes who have been victims of Sleeper's relentless direct-mail campaign of self-promotion). He comes down foursquare on the side of "solicitude for white ethnics hurt by overzealous social engineering." I'll respond only to the dishonesty directed toward me. Sleeper's quotation of me shows the precise manner of liar that he is. He cuts the quote before the end of the sentence, deleting "and liberal initiatives aimed at advancing racial equality." Why? Because his book is drenched in racism, and he knows that it is. Sleeper thinks fundamentally in racial categories, and old-fashioned ones at that. He describes blacks in inner cities as virtual savages, "the children of sharecroppers," who need to be taught "essential social norms" and need "to acquire a culture." He derides as leftist folly the goal of "wholesale integration" and pontificates about the preliminary conditions that must be met if "blacks and whites are ever to be integrated into society so that whites no longer need fear them." He is disgusted that he sees no evidence of "the recruitment and training of a few hundred young blacks prepared to work fifteen hours a day at low wages and in close family units, as the Koreans do." He trenchantly opposes the "absurd legal extrapolations" through which minorities have demanded access to public employment and open housing—or in his terms, "minority encroachments." And he unfailingly justifies white opposition by linking it to minorities' "dependency, pathology, crime and desecration." I could go on like this for pages because the book's narrative is propelled entirely by such formulations.

Sleeper's claim to be profeminist is undermined by his gratuitous reference to di Leonardo, whom he identifies by the least prominent of her public identities. (Considering his racial views, however, and the way his mind leaps to bed, he may be trying to make a much tawdrier move.) But I'll not give him the space to slither away from his sexist screed. He bashes "middle-class feminists and radicals" for denouncing public stigmatization of women who give birth outside marriage and thus—in his view—removing brakes on the explosion of pathology that affronted the encroached-upon whites. His book is shot through with hoary, simple-minded platitudes about the sanctity of "two-parent families" as the basic building blocks of society.

Sleeper's feigned puzzlement at our criticism is a familiar and tiresome pose. Despite the impression one might get from reading his book, he's not *that* stupid—even though his notion of an argument is listing the intellectual celebrities he thinks share his views. (And why didn't he include his pal Shelby Steele? Steele, after all, wrote a jacket blurb for Sleeper's book, in which he is acknowledged among a group of "mentors and friends." Sleeper also cites Steele as support for the assertion that no more can be gained by "frontal assaults on racism," so that it is "time for blacks to do more with what they have.")

Finally, on the day I received these letters to *The Nation*, I also got the current issue of *The American Prospect*, in which editor Paul Starr takes the agenda of driving blacks out of American life to a frightening but not so new extreme. After hastening to announce the

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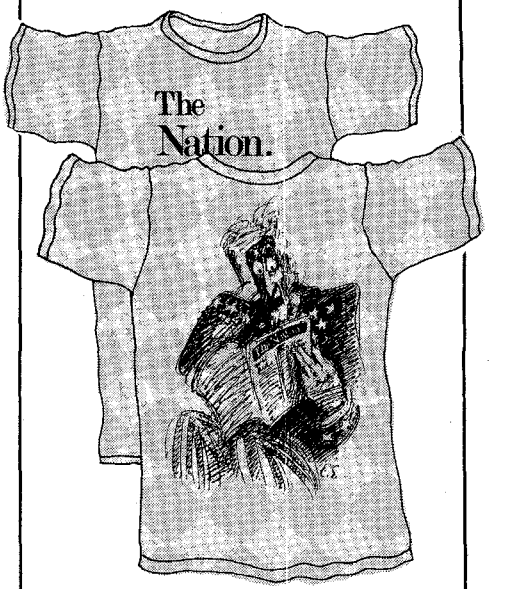

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death and good riddance of affirmative action, he calls for a program of "communal self-development and [what else!] race-neutral social policy." What this means is sugar-coated Jim Crow in which public policy would be directed toward "a kind of collective integration: putting minority institutions on a more equal footing with those of society's dominant groups." His desperation to be rid of blacks leads him beyond this version of separate-but-equal to the preposterous extent of calling for a separate governing body under the direction of private philanthropy to administer to black Americans—a sort of semipublic Bureau of Negro Affairs or Bantustans Commission. Starr's outrageous proposal is couched in the sweet language of sincere concern, but his message couldn't be clearer if it came from the old David Duke, and shows just how dangerous the new orthodoxy about race is.

Our special issue was a call for honest white liberals and leftists to take the lead in combating resurgent racism in American society and to be aggressive in exposing and denouncing those who pander to it. That may sound like the old May Day slogans to which Sleeper objects. So I'll conclude with a message in a different idiom, for him and the others who want to fob off acquiescence to racist reaction as a progressive agenda. In an old admonition from the Black Belt South, "Don't piss in my face and try to tell me it's raining."

Adolph Reed Jr.

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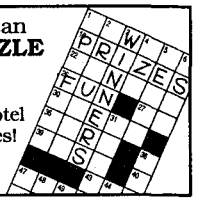

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 2370

S	U	P	P	L	I	A	N	T	S		E	S	A	U
U		A		O		S		O		S		K		N
P	A	R	S	N	I	P		U	N	T	R	I	E	D
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R	I	P	S		P	A	T	H	F	I	N	D	E	R
C		E		C		L		E		P		O		S
O	U	T	C	A	S	T		R	A	P	P	O	R	T
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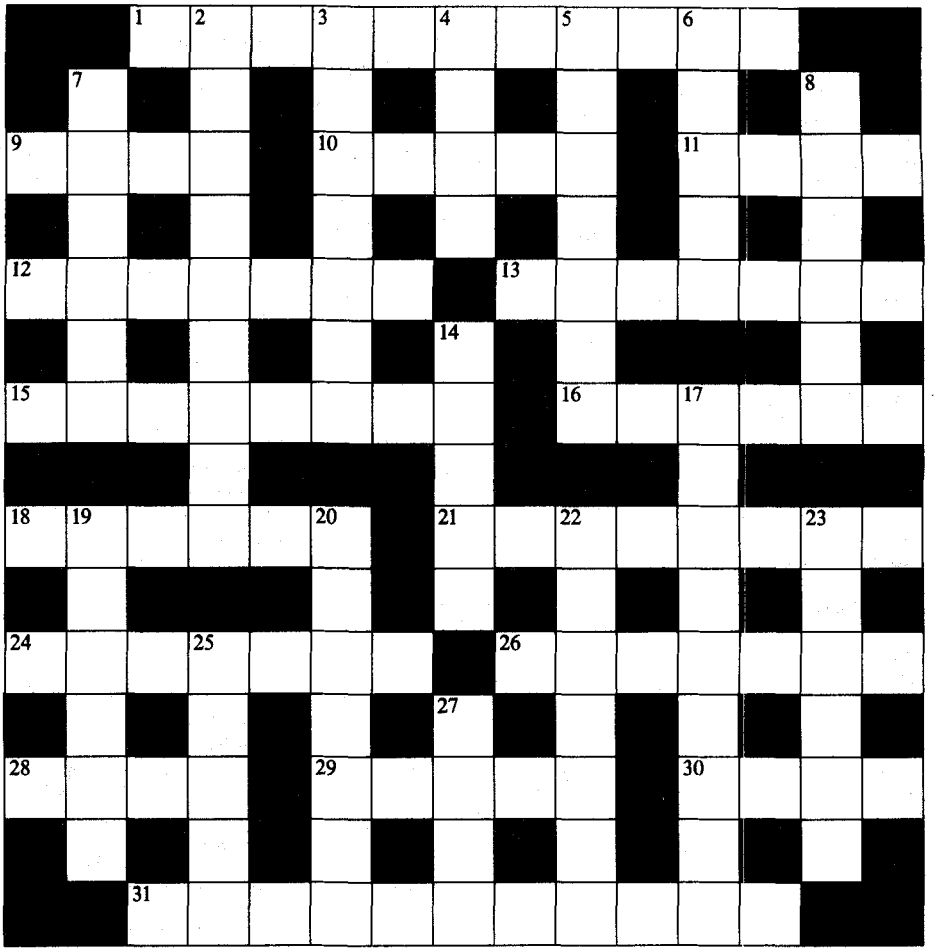
D	E	C	O	D	E	D		G	U	N	S	H	O	T
U		H		I		E		R		G		A		E
C	H	A	N	D	E	L	I	E	R		F	I	R	M
T		R		A		U		N		C		R		E
O	M	I	T	T	E	D		A	L	A	D	D	I	N
R		T		E		E		D		N		O		T
S	A	Y	S		A	D	V	E	R	T	I	S	E	S

Crossword Puzzle No. 2371

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 A day of victory, surrounded by the family, might show what isn't already known. (11)
11, 9 and 10 A sinister society loses fifty on the boulevard, which might help you at court proceedings. (8,5)
12 Three of a kind, for example, that might enable you to pour the drinks. (7)
13 Old-fashioned ruler like evil Mr. Rogers! (7)
15 One who goes to a meeting with a detente, possibly. (8)
16 An overturned front of the hand, controversial as a weapon. (6)
18 Doesn't rightly treat a vehicle when engulfed by the stormy sea. (6)
21 Possibly may scorn such as radar and sonar. (8)
24 They might be expected to hold breakfast food. (3,4)
28 and 26 Testify to what Goldilocks finally was, in a way. (4,7)
29 Leaves out from its seasonal showing? (5)
30 See 25 down
31 Describing a certain shelf, reputedly not worth very much. (11)

DOWN

2 Stop those feelings of rage—something only exists as a potential hazard when it does . . . (9)
3 . . . and stop the rude sort being last in the past. (7)
4 Eager to see the singer coming up? (4)
5 and 17 Where both Spanish and Portuguese are spoken. (7,9)
6 Earl, perhaps, was worth only half a mark. (5)
7 and 19 One who caught a lapdog for Ford, even though in disrepute as a political fortune-seeker? (6-6)
8 and 23 Ichabod Crane was a local one. (12)
14 and 27 An award to the jungle king, which may be something of a relief. (9)
17 See 5
19 See 7
20 Take in a small quantity of wine, as a way to sustain a person? (7)
22 How the rider checks what sometimes happens when the windows are open, one hears. (5,2)
23 See 8
25 and 30 across Alice's "The Pool of Tears" starts this and this, which is rather peculiar for one who employs a real relic. (9)
27 See 14

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

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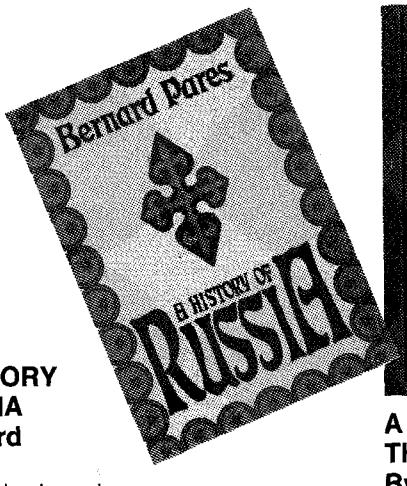

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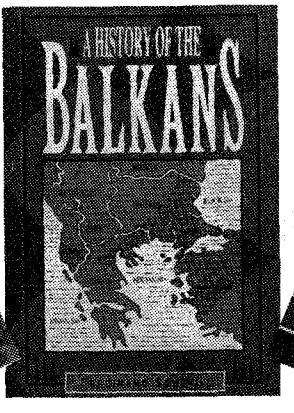

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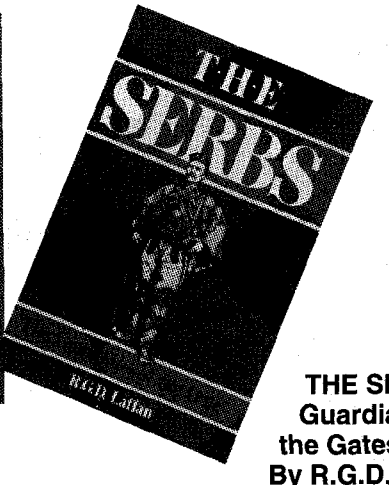

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